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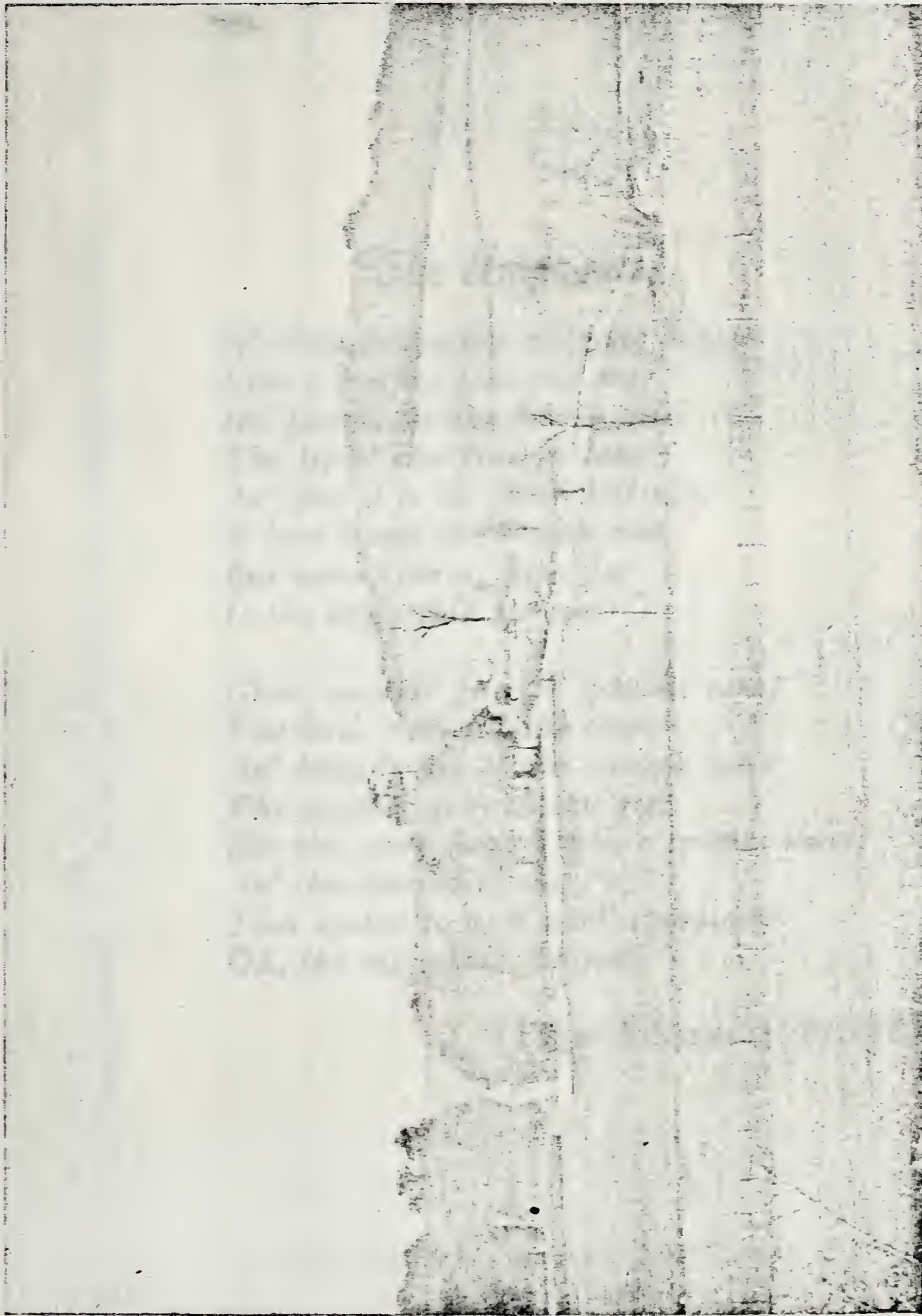
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STONY MEAD

A Sketch

PLATE 100
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STONY MEAD FROM THE "GLASS FIELD"

*"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born."*

STONY MEAD

A Story

The Ingle-side

*It's rare to see the morning bleeze
Like a bonfire frae the sea,
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
The lip o' the flowery lea;
An' fine it is on green hillside,
Where hums the bonnie bee,
But rarer, fairer, finer far
Is the ingle-side for me.*

*Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree;
An' haughs hae a' the scented ware
The simmer growth can gie:
But the canty hearth where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e,
That makes to us a warl' complete:
Oh, the ingle-side for me!*

HEW AINSLEE (1792-1878)

STONY MEAD

A Sketch

By

KATHERINE GLASS GREENE

Author of

Winchester and Its Beginnings, 1743-1814

Back to the Soil, Etc.



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1929

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KATHERINE GLASS GREENE

DEDICATION

TO THE MEMORY OF MY

GRANDPARENTS,

ROBERT MADISON AND

REBECCA ANNE LOCKHART CAMPBELL,

WHO MADE OF STONY MEAD

A "WARL' COMPLETE,"

THE IDEAL INGLE-SIDE

KATHERINE REBECCA GLASS GREENE



ROBERT MADISON
(1809-1892)



REBECCA ANNE LOCKHART
(1815-1897)

CAMPBELL

Married June 19, 1833

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The Tree God Plants

*The winds that blow can never kill
The tree God plants;
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,
But any wind that blows is best;
The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good will
Meets all its wants.*

(Author unknown)

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.

For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.

JEREMIAH 17:7, 8.



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PROLOGUE



F "Truth is stranger than fiction," should it not be at least as interesting?

You will find here a water-color sketch, as it were, of recollections of childhood clustering about an old Virginia homestead where dwelt one of the families of the early Scotch-Irish settlers of the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, those early forefathers distinguished for their loyalty to State and country either in peace or in war.

There are bits of old songs, bits of history and biography pertaining to various phases of the life of the nation, and Civil War letters speaking out of a vanished Yesterday from whose ashes arose Today.

If the story is personal, is it not typical?

Through the inscrutable ways of Providence the little sketch developed into a brief historical record, and the whole is presented in this form as the gift to his family of one who chanced to see Part I alone: the other parts had not been written. Very reserved, entirely opposed to ostentation, he wished to appear in the text only as one who loved Stony Mead.

Throughout his life loyalty to the land of his birth and generosity to the members of his family were marked traits of a very strong character.

To each member of that family, wherever found, it will be a gratification that even so imperfect a tribute should be issued as a

MEMORIAL

To our late loved and lamented kinsman

HERBERT CLINTON CAMPBELL

PROLOGUE

The first of the two volumes of this work is devoted to a study of the history of the human mind, and the second to a study of the human body. The first volume is a history of the human mind, and the second is a history of the human body. The first volume is a history of the human mind, and the second is a history of the human body. The first volume is a history of the human mind, and the second is a history of the human body.

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THE END

To the Hon. the Lord and Council of the
University of Cambridge

1687

STONY MEAD

of North

PART I


Memories



STONY MEAD

A Sketch

I

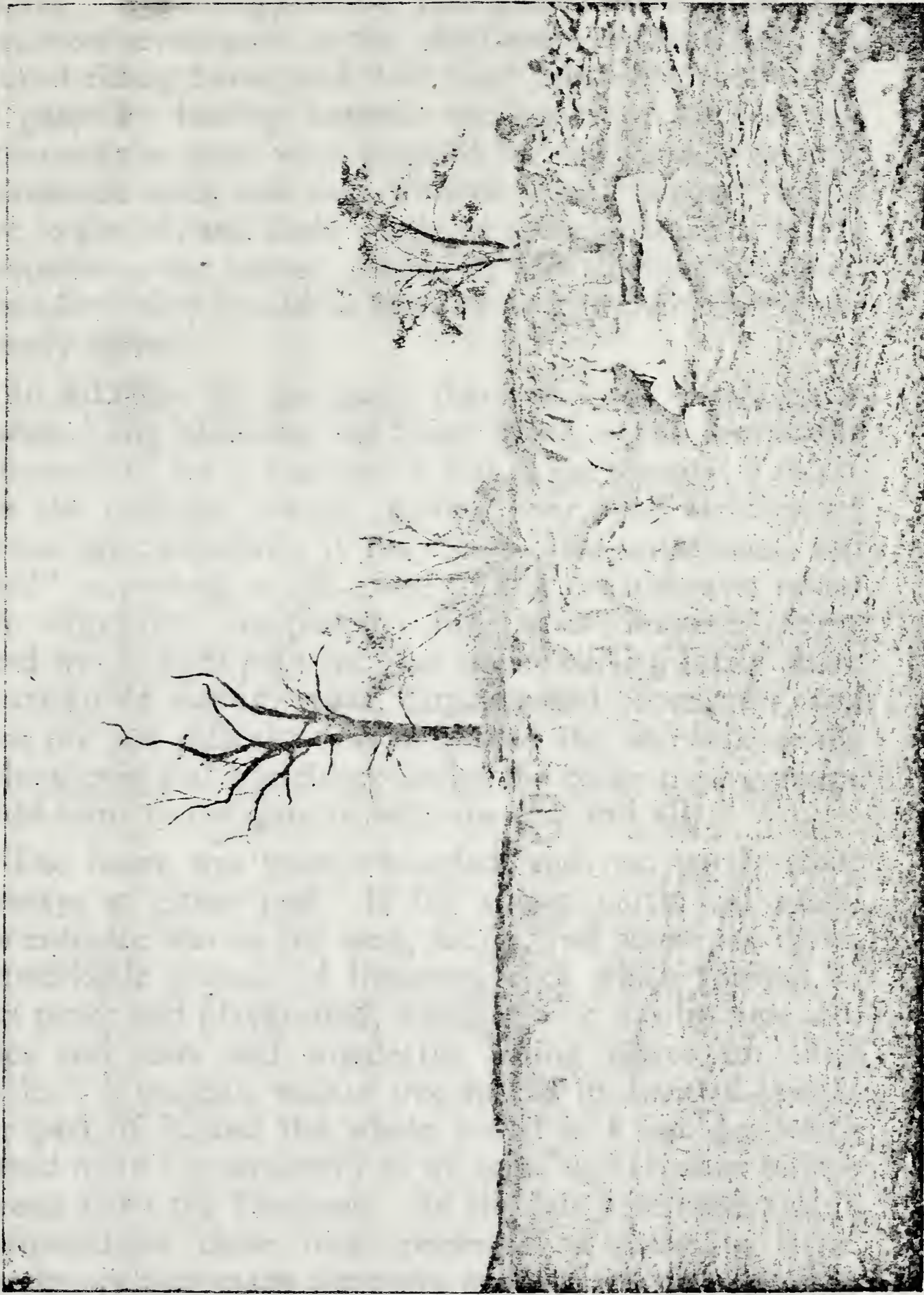
T IS a wonderful thing to have had grandparents to form the background of your memories of childhood. We never knew father's parents. Thomas Glass and Kitty Wood died before we were born; but grandpa and grandma Campbell, and all for which they stood, fulfilled ideally the grandparent role.

Four homesteads lying within the space of about two miles along the infant Opequon and forming a slight crescent, comprised our little world, a world which looms larger and larger as time goes on. Beginning at the west these homesteads were Greenwood, Stony Mead, Long Meadows and Rose Hill. At Greenwood, built in 1738 on part of the original Glass tract, was the old stone mill erected in 1740 by Samuel Glass at the spring now marked as the source of the Opequon creek.

Cherry Mead, or Stony Mead, the next homestead in order to the east, was originally held by David Glass. In about 1843 grandpa succeeded Major Thomas Kramer as owner. Long Meadows was the Robert Glass seat, and Rose Hill that of Samuel Glass, son of Samuel the Emigrant, and father of our grandfather, Thomas Glass.

Stony Mead is delightfully situated on high ground sloping to long meadows through which, a few hundred yards below the house, runs the Opequon.

The house was about a mile from Rose Hill, if we went "through the fields," past Long Meadows, situated about



THE ROCKS

*"Then meet me by moonlight alone,
And I will tell you a tale."*



1000 ft. high
1000 ft. high



midway. Beginning with the yard gate at home, Rose Hill, there were seven gates on this short route. Little Gyp, my beloved riding horse, and "old Gin" learned to help open the gates by leaning towards the hooks or latches; but sometimes the gates were propped by rocks and were sunk in unctuous mud, and then whoever rode "behind" would have to get off, and there would be the adventure of safely manipulating the barrier, closing it, and climbing on again. Often little Gyp would be allowed to crop the tender grass of early spring.

In addition to the gates there was the rocky gully between Long Meadows and Stony Mead, not so formidable on horseback; but it was quite a feat to get through it safely with the carriage, always running over with children of various ages, especially if the traces came unfastened, and "Nell" or perhaps a colt chose to kick or otherwise resent such imperfect equipment. But what matter? Stony Mead was in sight with the blue smoke curling lazily above the crown of walnut, cedar, cutpaper and other trees, and when the last difficulty was overcome and we were at the hitching-post and horseblock under the cedar tree, grandpa would come to the gate to welcome one and all.

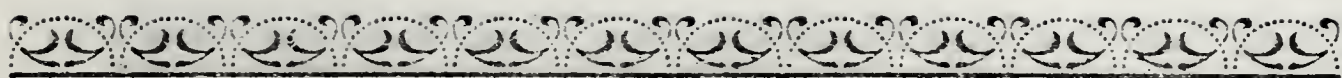
The house was weatherboarded, and had portly stone chimneys at either end. It lay almost north and south. The entrance was on the west, facing, just across the drive, a remarkable plateau of limestone rock which formed an ideal picnic and playground, wrought as it was by time into tables and seats and wonderful hiding places for little people. A majestic walnut tree spread its fruitful boughs over part of it, and the whole ended in a boulder which formed quite a promontory as we came up the short stretch of road from the Opequon. In the late afternoon and in the moonlight those rocks presented a charming scene. Who knows how many romances may trace their beginnings to their witchery!



Entering the house, the dining room was found on the right of the central hall, the parlor on the left. The dining room was entered through a small anteroom containing book case and writing table. The great open fireplace, with shovel and tongs and little hearth broom, was the glory of the dining room. Grandpa's simple armchair stood at the right, grandma's at the left, the fine old clock above, reaching almost from the mantelshelf to the ceiling. Its face was encircled by a "rosy" wreath and there was a beautiful landscape beneath. The pendulum seemed to tick off golden hours only. On either side sat vases of paper lamp-lighters and at one end was the family Bible and Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises." The alcove by grandpa's chair was filled by a built-in china closet; that by grandma's was occupied by a south window, with a broad window seat filled with growing plants. Never was there such nutmeg or rose geranium or ivy as there, and in the hanging baskets on the porches. On the window seat, too, there was often a basket filled with the toothsome little and big russet apples, Pippins, Davidsons, "Seek-no-further," and best of all the "Mother" apple, so-called for grandma, because no better name could be found for its spicy deliciousness. Where are those delightful varieties now?

A door opened on the east into the winter kitchen; one near the entrance door led into grandpa's and grandma's bedroom. The dining room table was of polished mahogany, as was the sideboard. Between the sideboard and the china closet the west window looked toward the rocks. Under the window a flower bed enclosed by a little fence contained a pink daily rose, which mother called hers, Hermosa roses and phlox. Both coral and yellow honeysuckle climbed over the porch. The humming birds seemed to love especially the coral with its long delicate tubes.

For supper the table was set with crocheted mats and fringed napkins. The lordly silver butter dish, used upon

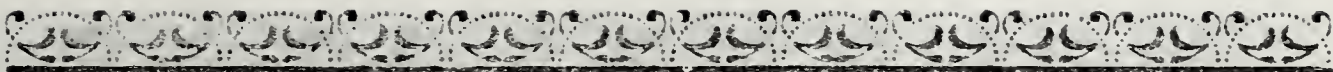


special occasions, had a disappearing lid, a mysterious and delightful device to our eyes. It is now a treasured heirloom of my sister Hattie's. A rag carpet added its quota of comfort and beauty to the ideal ingle-side.

The parlor was rich in its more formal furnishing. The Knabe and Gaehle piano, one of the earliest examples of its kind, the mahogany sofa covered with horsehair, the cabinet, the comfortable chairs, the ancient andirons with large rings, the quaint ornaments and lace curtains made a picture of old-time elegance and quiet refinement that has charmed the memory of generations to which it contributed much of culture and enjoyment. The east windows looked on the large back porch, with roomy rafters and wide window seats where tomatoes could ripen and cantaloupes make the mouth water in anticipation of the feast. From the porch there was a covered step or two to the summer kitchen, and the path led obliquely on the left to the old well with its windlass and genuine oaken bucket, and a few steps further on to the dairy under the old building which had served as schoolhouse, general storehouse and icehouse. On the right of the summer kitchen the path led to the garden with its flower borders, grape arbor and vegetable beds.

The two westward parlor windows gave a view of the approach up the hill to the house, with Opequon village and Greenwood near and the Little North Mountain a mile or so away. Under the windows was another flower bed filled chiefly with boxwood and phlox.

From the parlor walls looked the faces of many of the loved family circle. There were grandpa and grandma and various handsome grandchildren, some of whom had already been called to the home above. One of uncle Will's sons was sent over seas during the World War, was cited several times for bravery and was awarded a *croix de guerre*. There was aunt Jessie in her beautiful wedding



LAURA CAMPBELL, BEAN, ROBERTA,
JOHN A. ADDISON, EMMA

*"Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,*



LAURA CAMPBELL, BEAN, ROBERTA,
JOHN A. ADDISON, EMMA

*Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me."*



dress of white satin with long train, her hair worn pompadour, with heavy braids, a style which brought out her fine profile. There was Cornie Denver, dressed as Queen of the May, all in white, with long veil, a veritable fairy princess. Never, never should I have such honor shown me! Nor should I be worthy to roll out biscuits with the little rolling-pin! And when later, after our memorable trip to King and Queen county to attend uncle Bean's wedding, aunt Emma and I stopped at Cornie's lovely home on Rhode Island Avenue in Washington, and Cornie played Mozart for us, I felt that never should I make such music, with such dainty fingers.

Then there was a group taken under the big tree in front of the parlor window, aunt Emma, aunt Bert, cousin Laura Campbell, uncle Bean, cousin John Addison, perhaps others. Most precious of all were the faces of the sons who had gone away, far away to the west, as in the cases of uncle Ed, uncle Rob, uncle Bean, and later Herbert, long before Allan joined them. There were also uncle Will and uncle Joe, honored in the medical profession nearer home.

Upstairs over the dining room was aunt Mary's room, furnished in what are the antiques of the present day, and so almost priceless. The alcoves on either side of the big fireplace were little dressing rooms or wardrooms, with windows, shelves and pegs. By the fireplace were crickets, inducive to daydreaming, or to twilight confidences. There were two double beds, ready for sisters or cousins or aunts upon all sorts of festive occasions.

Aunt Mary's bureau was daintily dressed and contained things wonderful to childish eyes. On it were lovely china cologne bottles. The middle drawer had a delicious odor of cashmere bouquet, and aunt Mary's mosaic brooch and earrings and other choice bits of jewelry which it contained were to her nieces models of beauty.



There were three other bedrooms on the second floor, but memory goes back most forcibly to aunt Mary's.

Thus far a feeble attempt to give some idea of the physique of the old home—but the spirit of it! What pen can touch a subject so sacred, so complex! Into that atmosphere entered many elements. Fundamentally all the members of the family possessed good health, high spirits and good looks. Grandma and her four daughters were all of medium height and weight, mother a little heavier than the others. All were pretty. Aunt Bert with her Titian hair, and the skin which goes with it, her dark lashes and eyebrows and deep grey eyes, her fine straight nose and her lovely expression, was beautiful.

Aunt Emma well deserved the name loved at home, "Daisy," because she was as bright and fresh as a daisy, as merry as a cricket, a veritably inexhaustible source of sunshine.

Aunt Mary was just aunt Mary, living for everybody except herself, her sunny hair, abundant to the last, crimped a little and put up in plaits. "Her ways were ways of pleasantness and all her paths were peace." She was genuinely shy. A delicate rose color would suffuse her fair cheeks over the pranks perpetrated by many brothers, who loved to see her blush—a fine art of nature apparently lost in these days. But what strength of character! Aunt Mary was as sweet as her own Hermosa roses, as sheltering as an oak. Always "Daughter" to grandpa and grandma, "Sister Mary" to her brothers and sisters, and "Aunt Mary" to many nephews and nieces, she ranked with her parents while they lived, and became the head of the family at their death. To me she gave her magnificent Paisley shawl. Mounted as tapestry it has for years given pleasure to all beholders. I have, too, some valued samples of fine tatting and hemstitching of hers.




Grandma wore pretty little heart-shaped or triangular caps of lace and ribbon, her beautiful grey hair with its natural wave parted and twisted smoothly over her ears. She wore a brooch containing a likeness of grandpa, and during the winter folded kerchief-wise over her shoulders, a little black and white crossbarred shawl. She had always on hand an unfinished mitten or sock on shining needles, the ribbing and turning of the heel seeming most intricate processes to her grandchildren.

All were deft needlewomen. There was crocheting or embroidery or more substantial work for those busy fingers when all were gathered about the fireside. Dainty aprons kept house dresses looking fresh and neat, and when tastefully and beautifully dressed for church or calling, what charming gentlewomen they were!

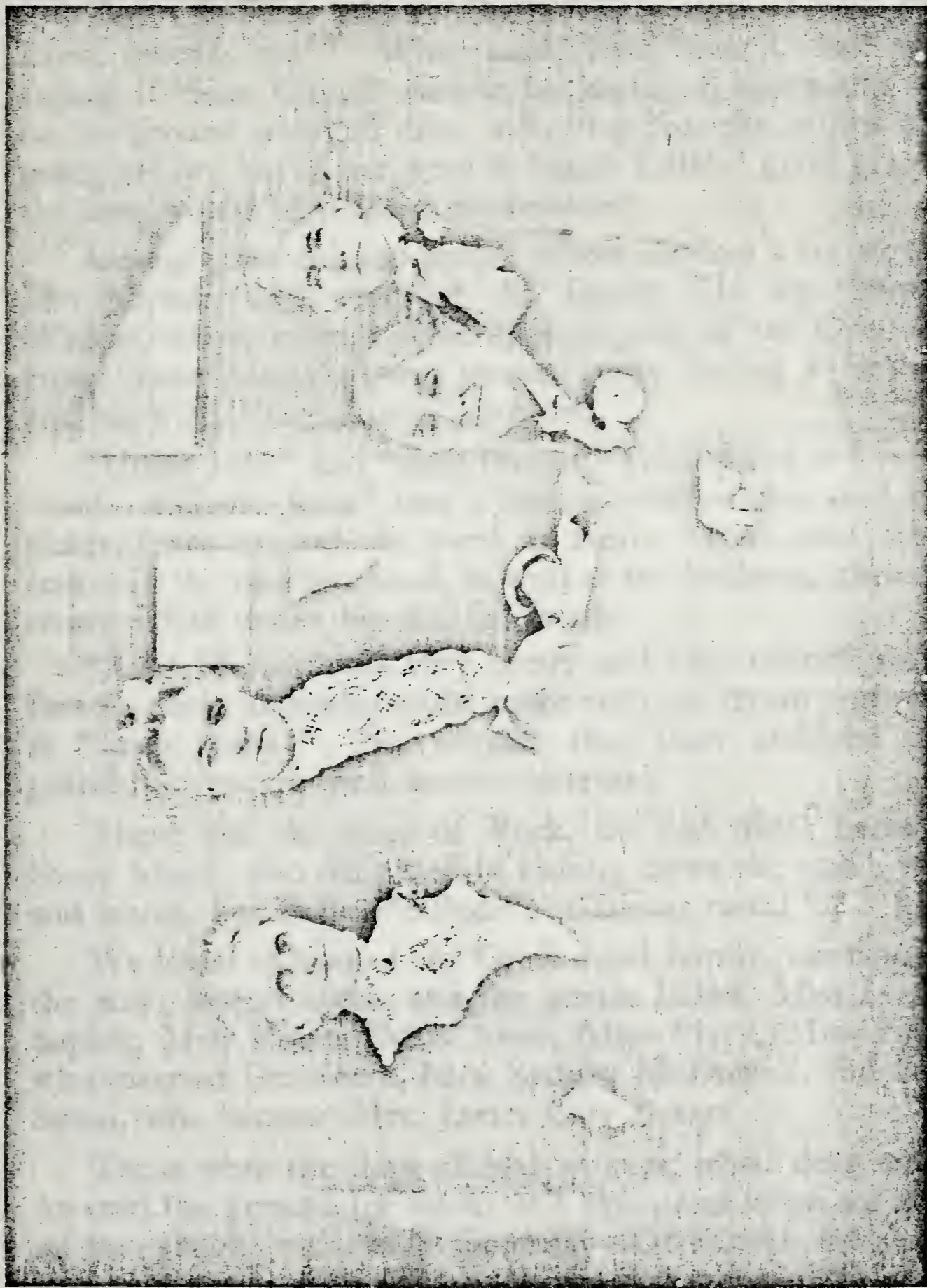
Grandpa had fine dark hair which I don't think ever turned really grey. He was of good height and sturdy build. Most of his sons were taller than he. Mother and uncle Ed had his coloring and were the darkest of the family, while uncle Joe's ruddy mane delighted my artistic sense.

Grandpa's hospitality and his sympathy for the young, his devotion to the Presbyterian church, and to the church in his own home, were marked traits, yet he could adapt himself to childish needs, riding a grandchild on his foot and singing, "Ride a stick horse to Banbury Cross," or, "Run, boys, run, the mountain's on fire; Run, girls, run, the cat's in the cream jar;" or telling stories which were a perennial source of delight. There were no saddle bags like those which he carried on "old Billy," who with his brisk little dog trot often brought grandpa down to Rose Hill. Sugar cakes, ginger snaps which melted in your mouth, chestnuts, apples, early dainties from the garden were in those enchanted saddle bags.



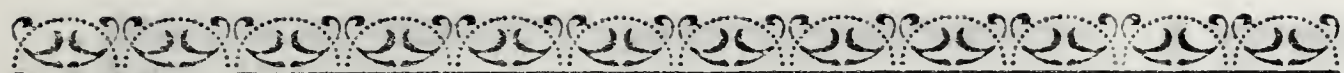
All the members of the family were discriminating and accomplished readers. The characters of Dickens and Scott were real personages whose deeds and sayings were ready for analogy upon occasion; and there was genuine conversation. Grandma never seemed to talk much. Rather, she was a sympathetic listener, but her judgment was most sound, her intellect and intuition keen.

In so large a family and one so well interspersed with brothers and sisters, eleven in all, there was naturally much room for friendly banter, boyish pranks, and continual merriment. And as the various members were called away to homes of their own, a talent for letter writing developed. Grandma wrote a beautiful old-fashioned hand, and in spite of the ceaseless letters to distant parts of the country, she still found time to write to her "very dear Nannie" at Rose Hill. Uncle Bean's, aunt Emma's, and aunt Bert's letters were more than family chronicles—they were wider in their scope and contained thoughtful or humorous comments upon men and affairs. Who can estimate the value of those letters! In mother's case, a deep spiritual sense has found expression in poetry, chiefly upon religious subjects. Her letters still hold her scattered family in close communication, and keep her constantly occupied. She was the great storyteller of our youth. We reveled in her descriptions of "Miss Lizzie," who "builded better than she knew;" of her "waiting on" uncle Joe when he and aunt Annie were married in Woodstock, upon which occasion she wore a pink barege dress. Another favorite dress, made by "Aunt Polly Wigginton," was of white challie with a sprig of pink roses, the bell sleeves trimmed with pink ribbon. We loved to hear about the beautiful wedding of aunt Maggie and uncle Joshua at Stony Mead; of "aunt Easter's" famous cooking; of her husband, "uncle Dan'l"; of Sam Patch, the delightful riding horse; of Tilla and Chloe, Guinea darkeys belonging to Mr. James Carr Baker. They had been born in the



THE FOUR SISTERS

EMMA NANNIE MARY ROBERTA
Taken October 21, 1909 at "Virginia Home," Prairie Grove, Arkansas



jungle, yet "aunt Tilla" could pray so fervently that the rats fled from her cabin. One of her petitions was, "O Lord, sanctify me!" When asked how "aunt Chloe" was faring, if "aunt Chloe" were in her disfavor, she would tap on the ground with her cane, indicating that the culprit was going below; but if she were in "aunt Tilla's" good graces, the cane would be pointed heavenward.

Among other colored people whose services were woven into the warp and woof of the family life was Mingo Walker, whose cabin, on the opposite side of the Opequon from "aunt Maria's," was washed away during a freshet, and his wife, "aunt Lucy," drowned.

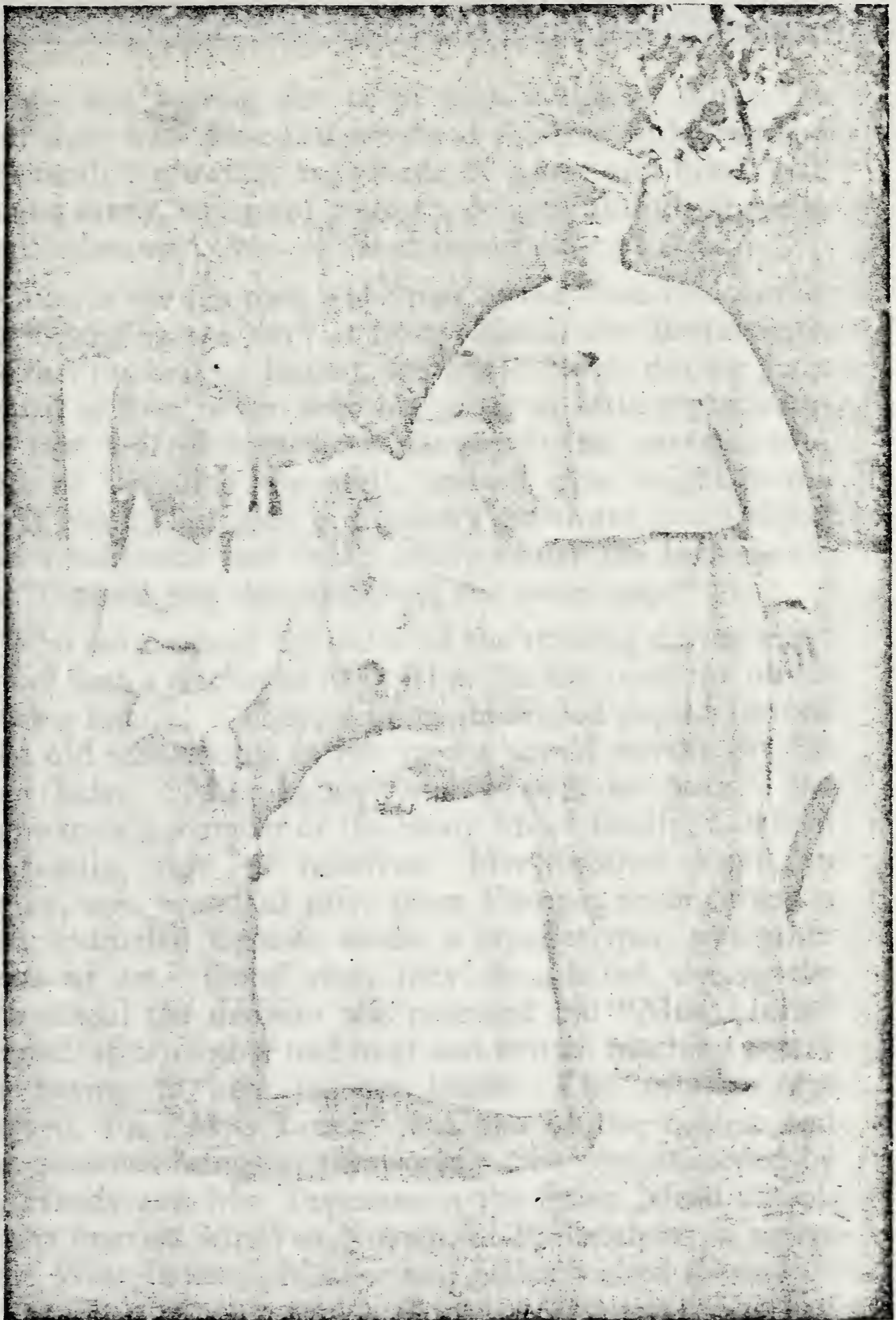
"Uncle John" and "aunt Hester" Tokes lived at Greenwood. "Uncle John" was a famous whitewasher and the picket fence around the yard at Stony Mead, and other fences in the neighborhood, as well as the kitchens, gleamed snowy white under his skillful brush.

"Aunt Hester" was very pretty and very refined and a famous cook, and who could make such ice cream and cake as "uncle John!" No wonder that their children and grandchildren are well-known caterers!

There was the story of Rock, the old white horse at Stony Mead, who delighted in kicking down the stable wall and whom Jim Palmer called "a sedatious rascal."

We loved to hear of the Greenwood family, our cousins, the Rev. Joseph Glass, and the gentle ladies, Miss Hester Sophia, Miss Emma, Miss Anne, Miss Mary, Miss Eliza, who married Dr. Foote, Mrs. Sydney McDowell, and Miss Susan, who became Mrs. James Carr Baker.

Those were the days of real winters, when deep snows covered the ground for weeks at a time, and when we went in the sleigh with bells jingling. Often the hills and meadows were dazzling with the sun shining upon "acres of diamonds." The most beautiful Christmas tree within my



"AUNT" HESTER TOKES

HER SON CHARLES, AND GRANDSON JOHN

"Aunt" Hester lived at "Greenwood" from the age of fourteen until her death March 25, 1925, aged eighty-three years and four months. For more than half a century she shared the joys and sorrows of the community. Her presence was sought upon every occasion. She is buried at Stephens City.



memory was waiting for us at such a time. When the parlor door was opened, there stood the tree with pink and white candles glowing, bags made of gauze and filled with nuts and candy, strings of popcorn, delightful dolls in really truly clothes, and over all the delicious odor of cedar.

Once, in the summer, when part of the Rose Hill family were "spending the day" at Stony Mead, the direful news came that my brother Robert, was lost! Never did the gates fly open so fast, never were the rocks so little regarded as upon that fearful homeward journey in the carriage, with visions of dragging the well, and of what might be the ghastly result; but upon preliminary search the small object of such solicitude was found asleep under the back porch, with "Guessie, the dear doggid, the sweet pup."

Who can estimate the value of the training during eight years of such a teacher as Miss Eliza Janvier upon the minds of such a family! They, with neighborhood pupils, formed in the old schoolhouse in the yard a school worthy of that gifted lady. "Miss Lizzie" was French by birth. She became truly a member of the Stony Mead family, to whom her family were as relatives. Her brother Frank, a traveler, sent beautiful gifts from Europe, among them a lovely enameled Geneva watch, a bracelet, pin, and other objects of art. Once when they thought of closing the home school the decision was reversed and "Miss Lizzie" returned, after mother had wept and written touching poetry over having to give up her books. The triumph was deserved, for "Miss Lizzie" was one of the noblest and most generous beings in the world. She was succeeded by Mr. Handy and Mr. Tavenner in the Stony Mead school, and she married Mr. Van Nuxem, of Philadelphia, a native of the West Indies. Mother and father visited them during the Philadelphia centennial in 1876, and then we had more delightful stories of that home, in which feathered pupils had taken the place of curly-headed ones, and the




parrots, "Plato" and "Polita" testified to the skill of their teachers. "Poor little Polita so sick, Plato so sorry," "Plato" would chatter to his mate.

Then there was that angel of service, Miss Eliza Jones, tiny, shriveled, loyal, devoted, a quaint little figure in tight bodice and full skirt, white kerchief in summer and little shawl in winter. We delighted to draw out stories of her beautiful girlhood when "the beads of moisture on her brow in summer were like dewdrops on a white rose." She and Miss Polly Wigginton over their clay pipes discussed the love affairs of their long vanished youth. Miss Eliza's taste for high sounding phrases found vent in such expressions as, "The flavorality of the sugar and cream in the coffee made it taste quite connoxious." Dear Miss Eliza! The "flavorality" of her delicious hot slaw and rusk are vivid today although her tireless hands have been folded so many years beneath the stone erected by uncle Will in the Quaker schoolhouse burying ground. Uncle Joe, her dearly loved but unmerciful tease, rests in the cemetery at Woodstock, guarded by the mountains over which during many years of devoted service as the ideal family doctor he had traveled night and day.

In mother's stories, cousin Will Denver and uncle Ed were special objects of hero worship. Cousin Will, we knew not only from mother's stories but from his own presence at Stony Mead and Rose Hill. Many beautiful gifts of jewelry from him to different members of the family were treasured and handed down.

Uncle Ed embodied all of mystery and romance for which "the west" then stood. He was so handsome, so elegant. His visits were among the greatest of events—Uncle Ed, who became the Joseph of his family, "the fruitful bough," able to nourish all the rest, and who did nourish so many. Later, Herbert, the brother next younger, followed the star of empire to uncle Ed's west. A genuine



knight he used to look to us as he dashed down the road on his black horse "Rattler," often bringing some treat from grandma. How well he has succeeded in various lines of business in that great west is too well known to need recounting here; but "east or west, home is best," and often he comes to Stony Mead to rest, and with uncle Bean, who reigns there supreme, to live over again the old days.

Within our own memory were the weddings of aunt Emma and aunt Bert. A description of those feasts and of the Golden Wedding, June 19, 1883, would require an abler pen than mine; but I am sure today, after a long and wide and varied experience, that the housekeeping, year in and year out, at Stony Mead, has never been excelled, and could only be equalled by that which existed under the same conditions. Such old ham, such roast turkey and fried chicken, such rusk and beaten biscuit and hot and cold slaw and home-made ice cream and boiled custard and calves' foot jelly and doughnuts and pickles and jellies and preserves were never found except at such homesteads as Stony Mead, by grandchildren who came trooping in to enjoy such hospitality whenever the fancy moved them to do so.

But the stories of the war were by far the most thrilling. The four oldest sons, uncle Joe, uncle Will, uncle Bean and uncle Rob had served throughout the four years. Uncle Ed, the next oldest, was too young to enlist, but David-like he could visit his brothers in camp when they were near enough, taking letters and other tokens of love from home. Once in returning from camp at Orange, the saddle bags with their precious freight were washed away as he forded the South Branch of the Shenandoah near Luray. One letter contained thirty dollars in greenbacks, sent by Mr. Charlie Sloat to his family in Winchester. Our deepest sympathies were aroused for all concerned, and we tried to imagine the chagrin of the brave young scout who gladly risked his life to carry happiness to others.

But how our hearts ached over the untimely deaths of Capt. Bean Cartmell and General Turner Ashby! We knew by heart the poem beginning:

*"Heard ye that solemn sound,
Accent of dread,
Burst like a thunderbolt
Bowing each head?
Ashby, our Paladin,
Ashby is dead."*

The battlefield of Kernstown lay a little east of Stony Mead. Uncle Bean was at home at the time, ill, but from his window he could see something of the battle, and he recognized the white horse of Major Munford.

How often we had stood beneath the great oak, a "line" tree on the battle ridge, called the "Hotzinpeller and Booker tree," because from its sheltering girth those two deadly sharpshooters had wrought execution in the ranks of the oncoming Federal troops, until they themselves were both killed. Near this famous tree, from which many bullets had been cut by veterans from states as far distant as Massachusetts, were the trenches in which unknown soldiers had been buried. Their bodies were afterwards reinterred in Stonewall cemetery in Winchester, beneath the beautiful monument to the Unknown Dead, with its inscription: "Who they were none know; what they were all know!"

And again, O'Hara's immortal lines:

*"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."*

Wild flowers and berry vines softened the outlines of those trenches which we held in awe and veneration.



During the Bath and Romney campaign, uncle Bean had been sent around the mountain on a perilous ride through ice and snow by General Jackson to tell Col. Gillam to tear up the railroad. When he brought back word that the message had been anticipated and the tracks destroyed, General Jackson said, "Good; now go and get some sleep."

Upon one occasion uncle Bean had ridden "Traveler" from camp about two and a half miles from Orange Court House, whither Bill Butts had been detailed from Norfolk to take General Lee's horses.

Once on Clark's Mountain where there was a signal station from which General Lee, field glass in hand, was taking in Culpeper and the Northern army, the General reached into the back pocket of his coat and took out a ham sandwich of which he gave half to his courier, uncle Bean. On the return to camp uncle Bean could scarcely hold back his own horse, "Sam Patch" and General Lee talked freely about the horses and upon similar subjects.

At the battle of the Wilderness, when General Lee and members of his staff were all dismounted, a skirmish line came suddenly out of the woods, but upon seeing the party, turned and cut back out of sight.

Uncle Bean and uncle Rob belonged to Company A, 39th Battalion, Virginia Cavalry (Richardson's Battalion of Scouts, Guides and Couriers) at General Lee's headquarters. Their devotion to General Lee's memory amounts to an apotheosis.

II



OUR letters belonging to this period have survived the wrecks of time. They describe so naively events which have become history of world-wide significance that I reproduce them almost *in toto*.

The first is from cousin John Addison, whose enthusiasm for Baltimore and Stony Mead, and whose keen appreciation of events past and present never deserted him. He and cousin Nellie dispensed a hearty hospitality which made their home a delightful visiting place. The memory of that devoted couple and of their two fine sons, Arthur and John, both living, both finely educated and one devoted today to Y. M. C. A. work, fills the heart with gratitude tinged with "sweet sorrow."

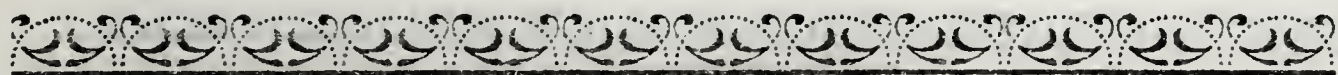
The letter is dated:

"Baltimore, May 19th, 1860.

"Dear Bean:


"I have just returned from Washington this morning and found your welcome letter waiting for me. I was very glad to hear from you.

"I have been to Washington since early Wednesday morning, and have had a gay time. Everything is lively there. First and foremost, the observed of all observers are the Japanese who are here to see the President. We ought to be very proud of their visit as we are the first nation in the world that they have agreed to trade with, and the Embassy now in Washington is the first body of men that ever left their country with the sanction of their government; for heretofore their laws have awarded instant death to any man who dared leave for a foreign country. They are a very queer set of people, very dark skinned, high cheek bones, black hair, with a place about four inches wide shaved perfectly bare on top of the head, running from the



forehead to the crown. The hair of the princes is long behind and braided, and the long tail laid over the bald place. They are dressed in long and splendid silk robes, and look more like women than men. The princes present a stern and dignified appearance, and show no emotions of curiosity when on the street. They each wear two swords; the servants have only one sword, and are dressed much plainer. They show a great deal of curiosity and appear delighted with the curious crowds who are always at the windows of the hotel anxious to get a glimpse of the oriental visitors; but they keep themselves very much indoors at present. They paid their respects to the President on Thursday, and will now begin to view the sights around Washington, but as is usually my luck I had to leave without getting a good view. I saw however enough to satisfy me.

"There are a great many visitors in Washington. I went on Wednesday evening to the President's grounds. It was expected the Japanese would be there and the place was full of people. The Marine band played some soul-stirring airs and although the Japanese were not there, the handsomely dressed ladies, gentlemen, members of Congress and others, all appearing to be in the best humor imaginable, in connection with the beautiful appearance of the ground, the green lawns and shrubbery, the fountains in different places throwing their sparkling waters high in the air, the various statues and courting couples in cosy places, all presented to me one of the most pleasant sights I ever witnessed. Mittie Thorn was there and looked to me much handsomer than ever. I enjoyed myself very much. I went to Alexandria, to the Navy Yard, and saw all the machinery of every kind. We were treated very kindly by the officers in charge, went to see the capitol, Congress, patent office, Washington's statue, President's house, gallery of paintings—to see Miss Thorn, Miss Alice Campbell, Miss Moore, and a great many more, and if you will come to Baltimore



I will take you to see all these things, and others too numerous to mention. Come on next fall and bring Nannie along. Cousin Mittie Thorn says she would like to see my friend Nannie very much.

“You may well say three cheers for Bell and Everett! I say three times three and a tiger! John Bell of Tennessee will be the next President of the United States. The Democracy is no more; they were buried at Charleston in April last. They are dead as a herring, and I give three cheers for that event. It is the best thing that ever occurred for our beloved country. It is true they have adjourned to meet in Baltimore on the eighteenth of June, but the seceders have also called a convention to meet in Richmond on the 9th of June, and that don’t look much like they will unite. I say go it both sides, and I wish the harmonious Democracy may fight it out until both sides are destroyed.

“Well, Bean, don’t get tired—I have not much more to say. The Black Republicans have also made nominations for the presidency by nominating Abraham Lincoln of Illinois for president, and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine for vice-president, both of them in my estimation poor men for candidates of that party, men who will not control more than half of the Republican vote, and even if they could control all, it would avail them nothing while two such Union men as Bell and Everett are in the field.

“Now the only thing for good Southern Democrats to do is to vote for Bell and Everett to defeat the Republican candidates. Let them drink the cup of “no chance” now, which they presented to the South Americans in the contest of 1856. I am for the Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws. That is my platform, with John Bell and Edward Everett as my standard bearers. I attended the Baltimore Convention and I never saw a more intelligent set of men than the delegates in my life. The Congress of the United States is nothing to compare with it



in regard to intellect or anything else, and such a spirit of harmony and good will prevailed, I never witnessed before. There, the man from the extreme south met his brother from the north in a spirit of friendship and peace, and not one taunt or bit of sarcasm was heard, but everything passed off pleasantly, and everyone appeared delighted with the nominations, and with everything else. Again I say, "Three cheers for Bell and Everett."

"We had a grand mass ratification meeting in Monument Square here on Monday night last. The stand was the handsomest one ever erected in Baltimore and the meeting the largest ever seen in this town.

"I suppose I must stop, or you will stop reading. I shall try to get a paper to send your father, containing all the proceedings and speeches made during the Convention. One made by Governor Henry of Tennessee was the most affecting thing I ever heard. He is the grandson of Patrick Henry, and appeared to have all his eloquence. Hardly a dry eye could be seen in the building, so vividly did he picture the results of a dissolution of this Union. I say, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable," the Union and the Constitution with John Bell and Everett, and we have nothing to fear.

"You said Bean Cartmell was in Baltimore. None of us have seen him; if he is here now I will soon find him out. I am going to inquire after dinner. I would like very much to see him. Give my love to Mary. Tell her she has not written that long expected letter yet. Aunt Sally and family are as well as usual. Give my love to your father and mother and all the family and friends, not forgetting yourself and write soon to

Yours &c.,

JOHN A. ADDISON."



The second letter is from uncle Joe. It is dated:

“Fairfax Station, Aug. 12th, 1861.

“My dear Mother:

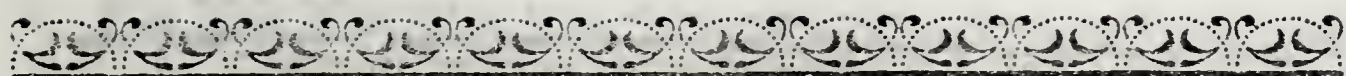
“I have been intending to write to you or to some member of the family ever since we left Winchester. I little thought when we parted with papa upon the streets of that town that we would be so soon called to deadly conflict upon the soil of my native state.

“After a tedious forced march we arrived at Piedmont on the Saturday preceding the memorable Sabbath upon which was fought the terrible battle of Manassas. I said terrible; it does not express half. May the Good Being deliver me from another such sight! But I am rather fast.

“We left Piedmont on the morning of the 21st, and after a ride of several hours made unpleasant by the excessive crowds, reached the Junction about 1 o'clock. As soon as the cars ceased their motion, we heard distinctly to our left the booming of artillery, and saw the smoke curling up as if to erect a monument to some departed hero. But there was little time for reflection. We were hurried off the cars, thrown into line and the command, “By the right flank, double quick, march” given. And such a march as it was defies description. The dust in many places shoetop deep and doubly refined by the tread of thousands who had preceded us, some, alas, never to return!


“After marching about four miles at the gait spoken of, I felt as though it would be impossible for me to proceed; but a heavy fire of infantry awakened me to a sense of duty, for I had fallen some distance behind my regiment and it was not until after an almost superhuman effort that I regained my place in line just as the regiment was forming in the line of battle.

“Just as we had formed and were pausing for breath we heard a whizzing noise overhead and in a moment a



bomb fell and burst but a short distance in our rear making the earth shake and the dust fly as though it would fain tear out the bowels of old mother earth. In the meantime the roar of small arms and artillery was terrific. But in much less time than it requires to write, the command, "Forward!" was given and we plunged into the dreadful battle of Manassas. We had not advanced far before the commander of our Brigade, General Smith, fell wounded from his horse by a minie ball. The command then devolved upon Col. ———, of Maryland, who rode along the line with the coolness of one going to a pleasant repast, but whose laurels won upon that field are (I am afraid) destined soon to be withered by the accursed blight of whiskey. During the time spoken of we had not yet caught sight of the enemy although their bullets were flying round us like hail, and nothing but divine interposition could have saved us, for I distinctly felt the wind from the balls as they whizzed past my head.

"But the tug of war had not yet commenced. We passed through a skirt of woods and over a slight eminence, and hove in sight of the enemy. They then opened directly upon our lines, and at every volley caused some ill-fated son of the south to bite the dust. Through all this we had received no order except to advance. But the proper time had come; the order to fire had been given and ran like lightning along the line. In the twinkling of an eye there issued from our lines a sound like the crashing of all creation. The enemy fell like flies before the first frosts of autumn. The enemy faltered, but reformed, by which time we were prepared to give them another deadly volley, which we did, and with a shout that rent the air, made the charge which was too much for them. They broke and fled in the most utter confusion, leaving behind such a sight as I hope never again to witness—the dead, the dying and the wounded left alone, forsaken by those who had but a few




hours before cheered them on to what they in their blind fury supposed certain victory.

"Among the first I crossed in our pursuit was a man from Maine almost torn in two by a ball from a battery that stood upon our left. (It was the Newtown artillery.) He besought me for God's sake to cut his throat and thereby end an existence which must otherwise be short but most miserable. I refused to favor him, gave him water out of the canteen of one of my men, and passed on over the dead and dying, until ordered to halt, which happened to be in the vicinity of the celebrated Sherman battery where they were literally piled upon one another. There it was I walked up to a group, one of whom asked me to put my hand into his pocket and show him a likeness, which I did. He looked at it for a moment, handed it to me and burst into a flood of tears. It was the ambrotype of his wife and baby. I looked at it, thought of my own, gave him water and turned heartsick from the scene, but only to witness another of equal terror. In the distance were the flying enemy, but close by my side stood the cannon upon which they had placed so much dependence, and around which they had fought with so much desperation, thundering into their fleeing columns as if like some fiend it rejoiced in their utter annihilation. I might say more upon the subject but time fails. It is now 11 o'clock at night.

"Tuesday morning, Aug. 12th. We have had considerable sickness in camp for some days past, mostly remittent fever. Among others Will has been so unfortunate as to contract the disease. He has been quite sick, although, I hope, not dangerously ill. I sent him to Woodstock on yesterday where it would be well enough for some of you to visit him. Don't move him without the advice of a physician."

Dear uncle Joe! He was one of the organizers of the Muhlenburg Guards of Woodstock, Company F, Virginia



Infantry, to which uncle Will also belonged. As First Lieutenant uncle Joe commanded the company at the first battle of Manassas. He was commissioned captain of that company, August 22, 1861; was appointed surgeon in the C. S. Army, September 23, 1861, and served as surgeon in the 33rd Virginia Infantry, the 7th Virginia Infantry and the 10th Virginia Infantry. He was paroled April 18, 1865, at Winchester, Virginia, as a surgeon of Imboden's Brigade. (Official record, War Department, Washington, D. C.)

It is pleasant to think that uncle Joe was called from active warfare to the relief of suffering which so touched his tender heart.


A letter from uncle Will, the third in order, throws light upon another great battle. It is dated:

"Camp near James River,
July 5, 1862.

"Dear Papa:

"Although the chances are very poor of your getting this letter I have determined to try the experiment. We have been marching with the exception of three or four days ever since you left us at Strasburg.

"The Yankees annoyed us every day on our retreat up the valley until we reached Port Republic. There Jackson made a stand and defeated them in both the battles that were fought there. We captured between four and five hundred prisoners on the second day. My regiment was not engaged in either of those fights, although we were exposed to the firing of the enemy's battery. I forgot to say we captured eight pieces of cannon. At Port Republic we rested, I think, three days. This was necessary as we were almost broken down. On the third day the order came to cook three days' rations. We were all speculating as to the direction we would take, but our doubts were all removed

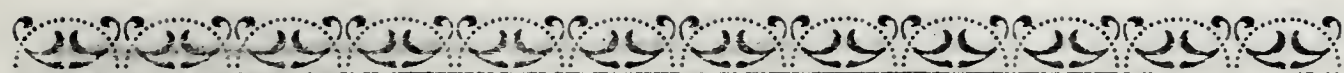


when the wagons were sent across the Blue Ridge. We were six days in coming down the valley to Hanover county. Our brigade and the Stonewall brigade were in the rear of Jackson's army. We arrived on the battlefield of Friday, 27th of June about an hour before sunset. The Yankees were almost whipped when we arrived. You haven't any idea of the excitement that existed. Generals Lee, Hill and Longstreet were all present. General Lee said he had come over to see Jackson's men fight. Of course we would have fought then if we ever would fight, but as I said before, the battle was nearly over and all we did was to run and halloo.

"The tenth regiment didn't lose a man. Col. Fulkerson commanding our brigade was killed. He was a valuable officer. Elzey's brigade suffered very badly in this battle. The thirteenth regiment had one hundred and twenty-five killed and wounded out of three hundred engaged. Frank (Campbell) had a very lucky escape. He was with the colors; a shell came along killing one man, wounding another and knocking him down. Bob Streit and Henry Gilbert were killed. Capt. Shearer and Ed Legg were wounded. Those whom I have named are all the Winchester boys that were killed and wounded in the boom-erangs. General Elzey was wounded—it is supposed not mortally.

"This was one of the greatest battles that ever was fought. Our loss was very heavy. The Yankee's loss including the prisoners was far greater than ours. We had been fighting for six days. Last Tuesday the second great battle was fought. The fight lasted until ten o'clock at night. The hardest fighting was on our right. We on the left were exposed to a very severe shelling. Louis Knicely was wounded in the back, but not mortally. He was the only one wounded in our company.

"I hope I shall never be under another such fire. I am very tired of hearing cannon. Today there is a calm and



you don't know what a relief it is. From present appearances we may have another battle tomorrow. I hope we will not, for I have seen enough in the last week to satisfy me for life.

"I saw Joe and Annie when we came through Gordonsville; went to Mr. Newman's where they are boarding; had a very pleasant time. David Walton was with me.

"We are about twenty-five miles from Richmond, Charles City County, and three miles from James river. I hope we will be in the valley before long. This is a miserable country.

"The loss of the Yankees in killed, wounded and prisoners is estimated at between thirty-five and forty thousand. The Yankees have been defeated at every point.

"Give my love to mother and all the family.

"Hoping I shall see you all soon,

I remain your affectionate son,

WM. H. H. CAMPBELL."

"Tell Bean he must run the blockade and come down and see us."


A letter from uncle Bean completes the series. It is written upon stationery embellished with a flag, and bearing at the top the following stanza:

*"Gather around your country's flag,
Men of the South the hour has come—
None may falter, none may lag—
March to the sound of the fife and drum."*

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA

"Dear Mother: Camp near Hd. Qrs., May 9th, 1863.

"Since I last wrote you the great battle of the Rappahannock has been fought and a great victory won. We left



our old camp May 1st, and were stationed at different points, some as pickets to catch stragglers and some as couriers. I, with five others, was posted at General Lee's old Hd. Qrs. to forward messages, but the Yanks getting a little too close, we had to slope.

"May 3rd, we started for Chancellorsville, the point at which the hardest fighting was done. The enemy had a splendid position, and were well entrenched, but our boys after repeatedly charging, routed them and held possession of the field with all their dead and a great many wounded. Our loss was heavy. While we were driving them on the left (General Lee having massed nearly his whole force there), they attacked us on our right and drove us from the heights; then of course they had us whipped as they supposed; but to their utter astonishment Lee came down on them about four o'clock Monday evening, routed them and drove them across the river. Their force grew beautifully less from the time they came over until they went back.

"We can't hear a correct estimate of the loss on either side. I have heard the loss of the enemy estimated at from twenty-five to thirty thousand, ours from five to ten thousand. I expect this is pretty nearly correct. We captured between eight and twelve thousand prisoners.

"I haven't seen Will or Joe since the fight; suppose of course they are safe. The fact is I have been kept so close that I couldn't get to see anybody. Haven't heard from John Boyce; will ride over and see about him this evening. Poor Jim Legg was killed dead; C. Copenhaver wounded in the cheek, not dangerously; Capt. Harrison in the leg. Stanley Russell is taken prisoner; William Thompson is safe. I see him often.

"I received a letter from Frank yesterday, dated the 28th April. He was very well; said he hadn't heard from home for a long time.


~~~~~

"Mother, I have just returned from a visit to the 1st brigade. White Addison was wounded in the shoulder, not seriously, though enough to keep him out of service during the summer.

"The Boyces are both well. Lt. Col. Spangler complimented them very highly to me for their bravery; says to his certain knowledge Dave killed two Yankees.

"Lt. Col. Walker of the 10th was killed; Maj. Stover killed; Capt. Kibler mortally wounded, and several of the Muhlenburg boys wounded; can't remember their names just now. Adj. Walton is well.

"Mother, if Will gets home, he can tell you all I've told you in two minutes; but if he don't, why you will consider this scribble worth reading. I will enclose a letter of old Mr. Bowers, for papa's benefit. I received the letter yesterday. Tell papa he will write to him to keep the horse. I think the horse is worth more than six hundred dollars in Confederate money, unless he could use it right away, and by next fall he'll bring almost anything he asks for him. He can bring him home in July with safety; the Yankees are certain to be out of the valley by that time. Don't fail to have me a pair of cavalry boots ready.

"Goodbye, mother; expect this will be my last letter; won't have an opportunity when we get to marching. Hope to see you all before long. Give much love to all. Tell papa to come and see us as soon as he hears of our being close enough to give him a day's ride.

Goodbye,

BEAN."

"Present my love to all the Round Hill relations, and Mrs. Kate (Glass) and Miss Annie (Baker)."





### III



IN a most marked degree was the Stony Mead family musical. Grandpa often "raised the tunes" at the "early candle light" and other meetings at the old schoolhouse at Opequon, at the Round Hill Church, and at the family altar. Grandma sang sweetly such songs as "Highland Mary," "A rose tree in full bearing" and

*"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye blume sae fair!  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae fu' o' care!"*

Among the sons and daughters a full choir could be formed at any time. Aunt Emma and mother were the accompanists, while mother was distinguished for her voice as well. That voice, rich, full, sweet, true, has been a rare gift to her generation.

Aunt Emma imparted her own cheerful disposition to her music. Under her fingers the old piano rippled and sparkled with gayety. "The Frolic of the Frogs" was a real frolic. "Smith's March" was a real march. "Dixie" and the "Mocking Bird" thrilled you. But I do not remember that aunt Emma ever played a funeral march. Her own hopeful nature would have so filled it with the hope of the resurrection that the music would have lost its gloom.

Mother, too, played the piano, and "Cherry Alley," "Fisher's Hornpipe" and other old-time favorites delighted her steadily increasing flock. She gave me my first music lessons, and taught me scales, but her chief use of the piano was in accompanying herself, often pitching her accompaniments to suit her voice, a gift which aroused my wonder and admiration.







Father's wedding present to mother had been a beautiful rosewood Stieff piano, elaborately carved, the front inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Whether at Rose Hill or at Stony Mead, whenever there was a gathering, there was music. Mother knew from memory, and her memory never seemed to fail, an almost inexhaustible number of songs. To the children she sang among many other ditties:

*"A frog he would a-wooing go,  
With a ring tam bottom and a ky mo,  
Whether his mother would let him or no,  
With a ring tam bottom and a ky mo,  
Ky mo nara, delta fara,  
Ky mo nara, ky mo," etc.*

I have never seen this classic printed, and I have no idea that the spelling is correct, but it was a delightfully satisfying romance, and the small auditors had no mercy upon the soloist.

Aunt Mary sang:

*"Tis home where'er the heart is,  
Where'er its living treasures dwell;  
In palace or in princely dome,  
In peasant's hut or hermit's cell  
The mind hath power to bring  
Fresh pastures in the wilderness,  
And in the desert vernal spring."*

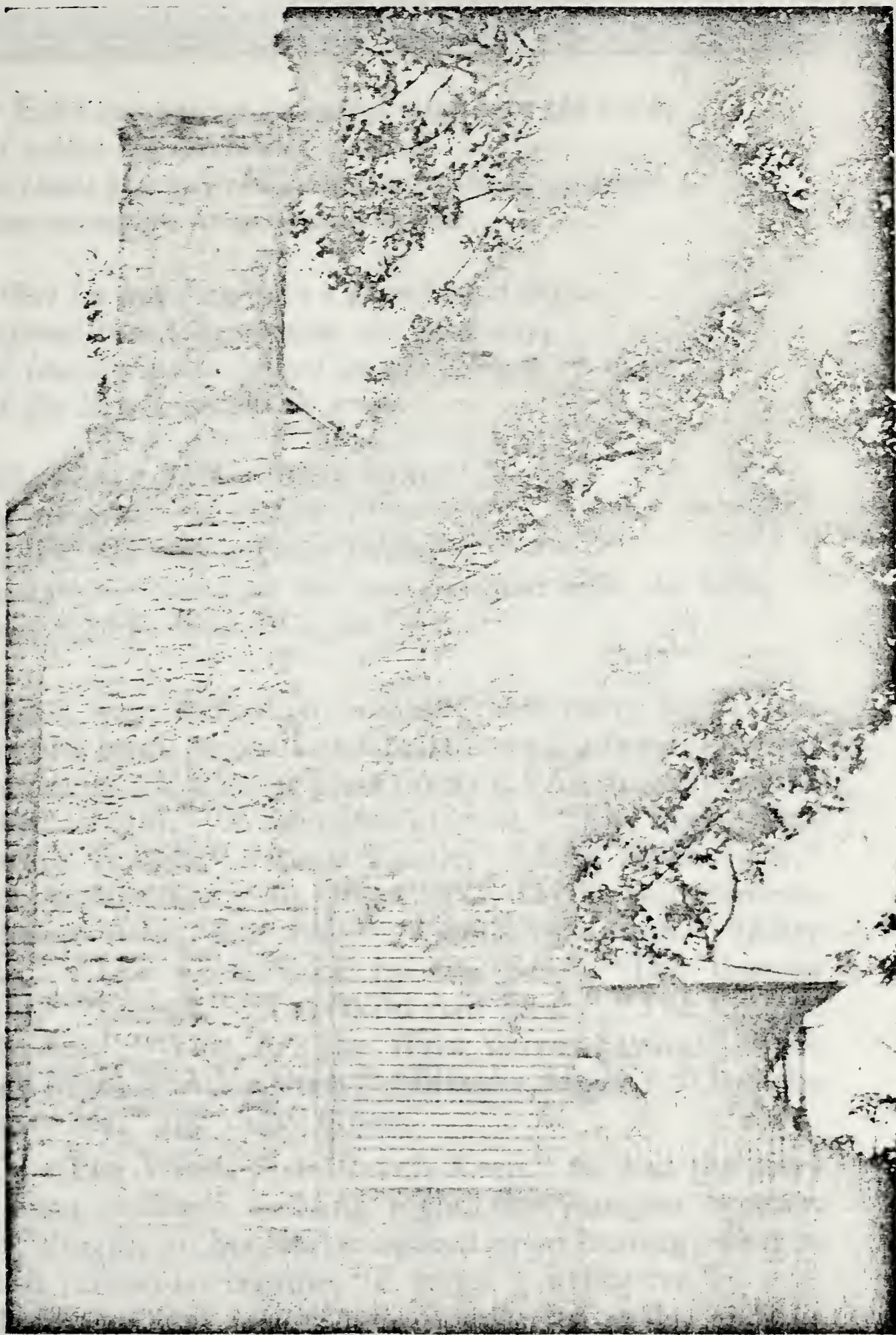
With aunt Emma were associated, "O, ye tears," and "The snowy, snowy daisies."

A favorite of grandpa's was:

*"Hark! Hark! The soft bugle sounds over the wood  
And melts in the silence of even,  
While faint and more faint in the far solitude  
It dies on the portals of heaven."*







### THE NORTH CHIMNEY

*"The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
As if that soul were fled."*







*But Echo springs up from her home on the rock,  
And seizes the perishing strain,  
And sends the gay challenge with shadowy mock  
From mountain to mountain again.*

*O, thus let my love like a sound of delight  
Be round thee when smiles the glad day,  
And leave thee unpained in the silence of night  
And die like sweet music away.*

*While hope with her warm light  
Thy glancing eye fills,  
Say, say, like that echoing strain,  
'Though the sound of his love has died over the hills,  
'Twill echo in Heaven again.' "*

But it were difficult to compute how many besides the household band enjoyed the ballads and other lyrics that mother sang. We never grew tired of, "All quiet along the Potomac tonight," "Washington's Grave," "The Ingle-side," "Tenting Tonight," "Annie Laurie," "Auld Robin Gray," "John Anderson, my Jo, John," "O, Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" "Shells of Ocean," "Kitty Clyde," "The Lone Rock by the Sea," "The Captive Knight," "Lorena," "The Wild Ash Deer," "The Cottage by the Sea," "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" "The Bride's Maid," "Allan Percy," "Blanche Alpine," "Over the Summer Sea," and many others.

Of "The Winds their Revels Keep," we had the story that upon mother's wedding night, the youngest brother, Allan, clinging to her skirts, insisted upon hearing, what in childish vernacular became, "E wines 'e webbe tee."

Today nothing recalls more vividly the parlor at Rose Hill at its best, when we were all together and listening to mother sing, than the memory of:







*"Neapolitaine, I am dreaming of thee,  
I am hearing thy footfall so joyous and free;  
Thy bright beaming eyes are entwining me yet,  
Thy voice with its music I ne'er can forget.  
I am far from the land, from my own sunny home,  
Alone in the wide world with sorrow I roam;  
In the halls of the gay, or where'er I may be,  
Still Neapolitaine, I am dreaming of thee.*

*"Neapolitaine, art thou thinking of me,  
Has absence not banished my image from thee?  
Remember our meetings, their whispers to keep,  
When memory is lulling her loved ones to sleep.  
And yet I would not cause a shade on thy brow,  
As bright as thou wert, let it shine on thee now—  
For 'tis memory that brings all thy beauty to me;  
Still Neapolitaine, I am dreaming of thee."*

We loved, too, the story which appealed to our imaginations through Thomas Moore's haunting idyl set to music:

*"They made her a grave too cold and damp  
For a soul so warm and true;  
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,  
Where all night long, by a firefly lamp,  
She paddles her white canoe.*

*"And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,  
And her paddle I soon shall hear;  
Long and loving our life shall be,  
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree  
When the footstep of death is near!"*

With what quaking hearts we followed the lover:

*"Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,  
And man never trod before!*







*"And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,  
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,  
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,  
'O when shall I see the dusky Lake,  
And the white canoe of my dear?' "*

Even yet the memory of "the death-cold maid," the "meteor spark," the "firefly lamp," and the "white canoe," of the "lover and maid so true" evoke an emotion which the most finished modern artist can not stir.

So the gift of music was handed down from grandpa and grandma to their children. Was there an old hymn that they didn't know by heart and sing, and many an anthem when they had all the "parts" together?

Such are my recollections of the old homestead; these are some of the influences which went out from it, influences whose waves have broken upon the shores of eternity. The picture to me is one of peace and plenty, of brotherly kindness and affection, of gentleness and charity, of politeness and consideration. Grandpa is to me the embodiment of the declaration, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," and the family is the fulfillment of the promise, "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

Of those of the immediate family who have been called to their reward, including grandpa and grandma, uncle Joe, aunt Mary, aunt Bert, uncle Ed and uncle Will, the average age was over eighty. Of those living, the youngest is over sixty; uncle Bean is nearly eighty-eight, and mother, still singing and writing, is well on to eighty-six.

Truly it is a great and blessed privilege to have had in the perspective of one's life such grandparents, such uncles and aunts, such a father and mother, and such influences!





# FAMILY CHRONICLES

## PART II

### *Memorabilia*

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# FAMILY CHRONICLES

## I



SINCE concluding the foregoing sketch, the Civil War veteran, Bean Cartmell Campbell, has "crossed over the river to rest 'neath the shade of the trees," among the redeemed.

In papers which he had treasured, and which were given me for examination, I found so much of interest that it seems to me that I shall best fulfill my trust by perpetuating some of them here.

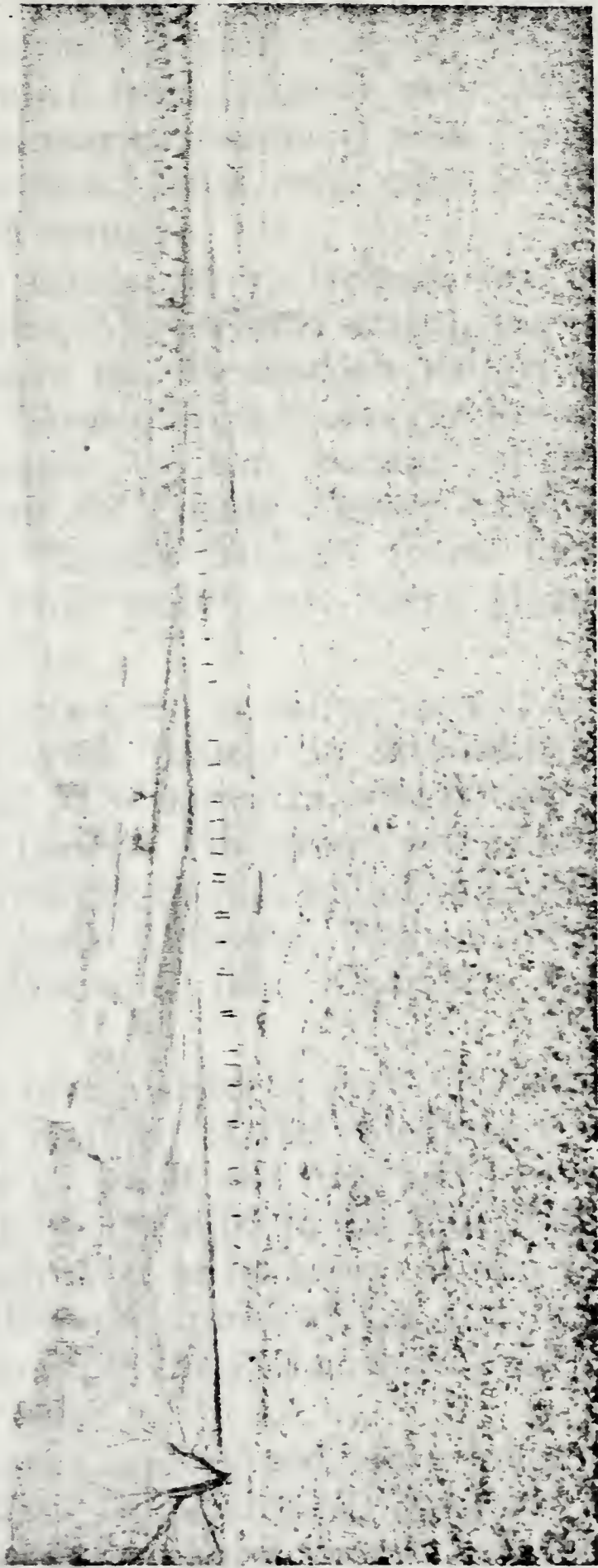
By giving enough of exact data concerning Robert Madison and Rebecca Anne Lockhart Campbell and their immediate family, it is hoped that this record may be of value to their descendants, while of more than personal interest should be a brief outline of this vigorous southern Scotch-Irish family which has given its quota since colonial times to the development of this vast young country.

Today the greatest opportunities, the best government, the most unlimited resources, the most generous support of altruistic causes, the happiest homes, and undreamed of luxury for even the humblest classes, are to be found where as late as 1849 nothing more modern than the covered wagon and stage coach had ever been seen.

The circumstances which surrounded this family and sent the young men west after the depletion caused by the Civil War, are precisely those which forced thousands of others out into the development of that enormous area which but for such a decree of Providence might have lacked for generations just the qualities which those young scions of southern families possessed, and which made the new states worthy to be called daughters of the old.







STONY MEAD looking towards "GREENWOOD" and OPEQUON

*"But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood."*







The founders of the Campbell family in Virginia belonged to the Argyll Campbell clan of Scotland. With many others they found relief from religious persecution in Ireland, where they intermarried, becoming thus a part of that great company, the Scotch-Irish, who came to the New World during the 18th century.

William Campbell, of Londonderry, Ireland, son of James Campbell and his wife, Mary Reed, settled first in Pennsylvania, but he came to the Shenandoah Valley, in 1772, and made his seat at "Aspen Shade," near the Round Hill. The location appealed to him because of its resemblance to his old home in County Derry, Ireland, whose "Round Top" and "Smoky Mount" found their counterpart in the "Round Hill" and "Little North Mountain" of Frederick county, Va.


William Campbell was interested in sailing vessels, and shipped Maryland and Virginia tobacco to Ireland. In Pennsylvania he had married Miss Buchanan, who left three children, Jane, Mary, and James. His second wife, Mary Johnson, was a native of Frederick county, and of this union were born seven children: James Harrison, William Reed, Rebecca, Eliza, Robert Madison, John Chambers and Laban Franklin Campbell.

This interesting family of ten children grew up almost within the shadows of the foothills of the Alleghanies on the west, with broad fields of wheat and corn and pasture land stretching away nearly twenty miles to the Blue Ridge on the east, the Shenandoah river at its base. It was the heart of the Valley over which the armies of Lee and Jackson were to march, armies to which the sons of those children were to contribute of their valor.

Of the family of William Campbell and Mary Johnson, William Reed married Eliza Ball Cartmell, daughter of Martin Cartmell and Anne Ball. These parents had been married by Rev. Alexander Balmaine, July 10, 1808. Their







home, "Homespun," between Greenwood and Stony Mead, was the home of Mr. Matthias Miller in a later generation.

James and William both served in the war of 1812 as members of Cavalry Company, No. 4. James became a lieutenant, but died of yellow fever at Norfolk or Old Point Comfort. His accoutrements, his cocked hat, sword and belt, horse pistols and spurs, afforded practical if melancholy object lessons for the children of the community.

On April 5, 1827, Eliza married Mordecai Bean Cartmell, son of Nathaniel Cartmell and Sarah Bean, who was a daughter of Major Mordecai Bean, a contemporary of Isaac Zane in the manufacture of iron, with whom before the Revolution he operated two smelting furnaces.

Robert Madison married on June 19, 1833, Rebecca Anne Lockhart, the daughter of General Josiah Lockhart and his wife, Nancy O'Dell.

Before going into further details of this patriarchal family, a word must be given to Jane, the interesting daughter of William Reed Campbell and his first wife, whose maiden name was Buchanan. Jane, who was therefore the half-sister of the children of William Campbell and Mary Johnson, married Patrick Denver, Jr., January 2, 1817 and became the mother of ten children. Patrick Denver, Sr., was one of the leaders in the Irish rebellion, in the latter part of the 18th century, and probably for this reason sought freedom in America. He landed in 1799, on the day of the funeral of George Washington; but he did not reach Frederick county until 1803. He died March 31, 1831, at his home near Round Hill, and was buried in the old Catholic cemetery at the east end of Picadilly street, in Winchester. Later, his body was reinterred in the new Catholic cemetery at the foot of South Cameron street.

Of the children of Jane Campbell and Patrick Denver, Jr., several were most interesting to the Stony Mead family. James William, the oldest son, was the beloved "cousin Will," whose visits became red-letter days.







Mary and Jane were twin sisters, beautiful and gifted. Both wrote poetry which was published in book form. Among favorites were "Echo Lake," and "The Ringdoves." Alas! the "ringdoves" were cruelly separated by the death of Jane, and Mary, throughout her long life carried her deep sorrow in her face.

Arthur St. Claire, who married in California, lived in Washington with his graceful wife, Eliza, and charming daughter, Cornie.

Cornelia, the youngest child of Patrick and Jane Denver, married Mr. James, a lawyer, of Coshocton, Ohio. After his death, she and her two daughters lived abroad for several years, and then resided in New York City, where the mother and gifted daughter, Mary, Mrs. Arthur Sullivan, died. Rosalie Telfair held the chair of French in the Woman's College in that city for some time and then devoted her wonderful gifts to welfare work.

But James William was the hero whose brilliant career fired the imagination of all who knew and loved him.

He was born in Frederick county, and attended a school near Gainsboro until his family removed to Ohio. When the Mexican war became imminent, he was practicing law in Missouri. With characteristic enthusiasm he dispatched to the President a request for a colonel's commission by return stagecoach mail. And then he timed its arrival. The commission reached him only one mail late. Upon his return after the war with a Brigadier General's commission, he visited Stony Mead where his welcome presence and his war trappings delighted his cousins.

General Denver crossed the plains with the Forty-niners and tried his fortunes in California. He became Secretary of State, and later a member of Congress from California, and a commissioner of Indian affairs. President Buchanan appointed him Provisional Governor of Kansas when



During the last few years (1915-1918) the American Medical Association has been very active in its efforts to bring about a more efficient and economical system of medical education. It has been successful in its efforts to bring about a more efficient and economical system of medical education. It has been successful in its efforts to bring about a more efficient and economical system of medical education.


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ruffianism ruled that great Territory. The unruly element soon learned that law and order were to prevail; and the foundation was laid for the great states that have been carved out of Kansas.

In Colorado he laid out a village which has become Denver, the magnificent city named for him.

General Denver served with distinction in the Federal army until Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation, when he resigned his commission. He resumed the practice of his profession in Washington, where he gained an enviable reputation while practicing before the Supreme Court, and amassed a fortune. He was supported by large delegations for President when Cleveland was first nominated at Chicago. He married Miss Lou Rombach, of Wilmington, Ohio, a woman of rare accomplishments. Four splendid children blessed their union. Their son, Colonel Will Denver, of whom it could be said that "none knew him but to love him; none named him but to praise," died in the full bloom of his young manhood, November 26, 1898.

Mary, a beautiful girl, married Mr. Lindley, of Cincinnati. They have long made their home in New York City.

Katherine, a most charming and accomplished woman, married a southern planter, Honorable James C. Williams, of Natchez, Mississippi, but after her husband's death, she with her two children, returned to her old home city, Wilmington, Ohio.

The Honorable Matt R. Denver, elected to Congress from Wilmington, Ohio, as a Democrat in a District overwhelmingly Republican, proved his popularity through successive terms.

Of the own brothers and sisters of Robert Madison Campbell, Eliza's marriage to Mordecai Bean Cartmell produced perhaps the most interesting results to the Stony Mead family. Their family brought up at "Retirement," now the home of John Wesley Larrick, Jr., near the Round



# THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. It begins with the first settlers who came to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. They found a land of wild beauty and abundant resources. They built a life for themselves and their families, and in the process, they shaped the destiny of a new nation.

The early years of the United States were marked by a spirit of adventure and exploration. Men like Christopher Columbus and John Cabot had already discovered the New World, but it was the Pilgrims and the Puritans who truly began the settlement of the continent. They came seeking freedom and a better life, and they found it in the vast, untamed wilderness of North America.

As the years passed, the United States grew in size and power. The discovery of gold in California and the opening of the West led to a period of rapid expansion. The United States became a world power, and its influence was felt in every corner of the globe. The American dream of a better life for all became a reality for many, and the United States stood as a beacon of hope and freedom for the rest of the world.

The United States has always been a land of opportunity. It has been a place where people from all over the world have come to seek a better life. It has been a place where the American dream has been realized for many. The United States has always been a land of freedom and democracy, and it has always been a land where the people have the right to choose their own leaders and their own future.


The United States has always been a land of progress. It has been a place where new ideas and new inventions have been born. It has been a place where the human spirit has been pushed to its limits. The United States has always been a land of innovation and creativity, and it has always been a land where the people have the right to pursue their dreams and their aspirations.

The United States has always been a land of unity. It has been a place where people from all different backgrounds and all different cultures have come together to build a better life for themselves and for their children. The United States has always been a land of diversity and inclusion, and it has always been a land where the people have the right to live in peace and harmony.

The United States has always been a land of hope. It has been a place where the people have always looked to the future with optimism and faith. The United States has always been a land of possibility, and it has always been a land where the people have the right to create a better future for themselves and for their children.

The United States has always been a land of greatness. It has been a place where the people have always achieved great things. The United States has always been a land of achievement and excellence, and it has always been a land where the people have the right to strive for greatness and to make a difference in the world.





Hill church, consisted of eight brothers and sisters. Nathaniel M., the oldest son, and Ellen Moore Sydnor were married by Rev. A. H. H. Boyd, D. D., on December 5, 1854.

Thomas Kent, the seventh child, and Annie Glass Baker, daughter of James Carr Baker and his wife, Susan Glass, were married at Greenwood, by Rev. W. H. Foote, D. D., November 22, 1866. Their only daughter, Annie Lyle, Mrs. Coupland D. Randolph, and her husband live within a stone's throw of the old Greenwood homestead, now owned by Hon. John M. Steck, son of Dr. and Mrs. Michael Steck.

The Greenwood estate was purchased in 1880 by Dr. Steck of Pennsylvania, who died soon after coming to Virginia. His widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Steck, became a fitting successor to the ladies of the manor. Gifted in art, of remarkable mentality and very hospitable, she made a delightful friend and neighbor.

But several years ago she joined her loved ones on the shining shore, and the old homestead, sharing the fate of so many others of its class at the present day, is occupied by tenants. Mary Virginia, daughter of her late son, Thomas Wood Steck, and his wife, Jennie Ensminger (now Mrs. H. Clay de Grange), was born there.

Thomas K. Cartmell, as clerk for many years of the Old County Court of Frederick county, became so thoroughly familiar with the history of the Shenandoah Valley and of almost everyone of its inmates, that he has written a history of marvelous scope and proportions, "Shenandoah Pioneers and Their Descendants." Although the large volume purports to be a history of Frederick county only, it is an almost inexhaustible source of information for students of both national and family history from the earliest settlements until 1908, and an enduring monument to the patience, skill and accurate knowledge of one of the most genial and generous of men. For details of the families touched upon here, turn to that history!







Captain Mordecai Bean Cartmell, brother of Thomas K., the historian, and youngest son of M. B. and Eliza Campbell Cartmell, was a brilliant officer in Company B., Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, General Rosser's Brigade. His gallant conduct in such severe cavalry battles as Trevillians, Brandy Station, where three horses were shot under him; at Upperville, and in the famous Rosser raid around General Meade's army, won the admiration of officers and men. He was killed in a night attack on Federal Infantry, at Sangers Station, between Fairfax Court House and Manassas, December 17, 1863. He was born December 23, 1839. His comrades carried his body to the east bank of the Shenandoah at Berry's Ferry. There it was met by his brothers, Nathaniel and Thomas K., and borne to his home at "Retirement," where it was received about midnight by his broken-hearted parents and friends. The poor mother was reminded of the prophetic lines that had been haunting her, beginning: "We buried him darkly at dead of night."

On December 22, he was laid to rest in the graveyard at Round Hill in ground dedicated by his father. It may safely be said that his parents never smiled again without a sigh.


"Aspen Shade," the old homestead, descended to the daughter of James Harrison Campbell and Elizabeth Cartmell Lupton, his wife. This daughter, Laura, married Mr. Perry C. Gore, a polished gentleman, the Sheriff of Frederick county, the son of a notable mother, Mrs. Sydney Gore, and the brother of a distinguished scientist, Professor Howard Gore. Mr. Gore died January 19, 1904. Upon the death of their admirable mother, June 26, 1905, the property descended to Walter and Lena, the two children of this devoted couple. Thus the great-grandchildren of William Reed Campbell, the founder of "Aspen Shade," in unbroken succession inherited the old home. William Reed died there in 1839, at the age of eighty-two.







## II

F Robert Madison Campbell was one of a numerous family, that of his wife Rebecca Anne Lockhart was equally so, since it numbered eleven, perhaps twelve, brothers and sisters, of whom Rebecca Anne was the sixth child, and one of seven sisters, three older and three younger than herself.

The origin of the name Lockhart is so interesting that an extract from an old book, *Strath Clutha*, treasured in the Hili branch of the family, is here given:

“Lockhart Castle, an ancient stronghold of the family of Lockhart, long powerful in this part of the country, is a ruin, a mile and a quarter from Lanark, the County Seat of Lanarkshire. The only part of the castle now remaining is a wall of great thickness and of considerable height, which formed part of the principal tower or keep. The situation, towering over the steep and wooded banks of the three waters which far below nearly surround it—two streams flowing into a third, which in turn enters the nearby Clyde—is strikingly picturesque. Needless to say it is also one of great strength. On the land side in the rear are vestiges of a ditch and outwork. The Castle was, in all probability, erected in a recordless past by the ancestors of the Lockharts of Lee, in whose possession it remains. This fortress is described by Miss Porter in her *Romance of the Scottish Chiefs*. A few hundred yards down the river the cliffs, four hundred feet above the water, known as Cartlane Craigs, became noted for a cave said to have given shelter to Sir William Wallace, previous to his capture of Lanark Castle. The Craigs were also a refuge for Covenanters. Here,

*‘The lyart veteran leaning on his sword,  
Heard God by Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured  
in gentler strain.’*









"The railway bridge which spans the abyss is one of the most beautiful in the kingdom, the height giving an impression of slenderness and grace to its arched piers of massive hewn stone.

"The Craigs, another ancient ruined castle on the north bank of the stream, and remains of Roman occupation, two camps, one capable of containing 10,500 men and another, or road, traversing the Roman province of Valentia, between the walls of Severns and Antonenus, are described by Lockhart of Baronald, whose name is given to the Baronald Craigs.

"Lee House, the seat of Sir Norman McDonald Lockhart, Baronet of Lee and Carnwath, is three miles from Lanark. It is an extensive building, castellated, with turrets at each corner and embattled parapet. From the center of the building a lofty embattled tower arises, lighted with twelve very beautiful old English windows. A view of the house with its rich woods and valleys is to be had from Cartlane Bridge.

"The well-known Lee penny is still carefully preserved. It is a small, triangular-shaped stone of a dark red color. It is kept in a gold box, the box itself inscribed, 'A present from the Empress Queen to General Lockhart.' Tradition affirms that it has been kept at Lee for five hundred years. When the brave Sir James Douglas went to the Holy Land, in 1330, with the heart of King Robert Bruce, Simon Locard of Lee was appointed bearer of the noble relic. In the chivalrous exploits of Sir James and his warriors with the Moors, Simon Locard took prisoner a Moorish prince and received the Lee penny as part of the ransom. The old tradition of Sir James hurling the silver casket which contained the heart of Bruce into the host of the advancing Moors with an appeal to his force to follow in death him whom they had followed in life, is known. From that time the name became Lockhart."







Robert Lockhart, the founder of the family in America, was born in Scotland in 1744 and died in Frederick county, Virginia, May 13, 1817. From an inscription on their tombstone we find that his wife, Margery Denny, a member of the old Opequon church, died May 10, 1837, aged ninety years and ten months.


Their only son, Josiah, was born July 17, 1782, and died August 18, 1853. His wife, Nancy O'Dell, was born in 1783 and died in 1836. She was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas O'Dell of the Methodist church, and his wife, Grace Austin, who was of Welsh descent. When Nancy was sixteen years of age, her parents went from Berkeley county, Virginia, to Ohio. Here she met Josiah Lockhart, who had come from his Virginia home to take up land assigned to his father, Robert Lockhart, for services rendered during the Revolutionary War.

Virginia, in her cession of the Northwest Territory to the United States Government, reserved Military Lands in order to fulfil her obligations to her soldiers of the Continental Line. The Recorded Land Patents in Adams county, Ohio, of the Virginia Military District, show Robert Lockhart, date, September 4, 1805, one thousand acres, signed by President Thomas Jefferson. This record may be found in this history of Adams county by N. H. Evans and E. B. Stivers.

Josiah Lockhart settled near Bentonville, Adams county, in the Virginia Military District, lying between the Scioto river on the east and the Little Miami on the west. Here he and Nancy O'Dell were married in 1803, and it was from this county that he was commissioned Captain and Brigadier General by Governor Return Jonathan Meigs. He was present at General Hull's surrender. He and his wife and family, consisting of six children, of whom Rebecca Anne, the youngest, was two years of age, returned to Virginia in 1817.







The marriage of Robert Madison Campbell and Rebecca Anne Lockhart took place on June 19, 1833. The groom was twenty-four, and the bride eighteen years of age. A severely Puritan courtship ended in a wedded life which lasted fifty-nine years, and which was truly remarkable in many ways. Their daughter Nannie, in writing a memoir of her parents, said; "Can their children or servants remember aught but gentleness between the two? No! The road was not always smooth; there were some rough places and difficult hills to climb, but their 'mutual love was fervent,' and they were prevalent in prayer for grace to help in time of need. Assembled without fail with their household, morning and evening around the fireside for prayer, they looked to the hills from whence came their help. How often earnest petitions will come back with quickening power from lips now in the dust, 'O Lord in the midst of the years make known, in wrath, remember mercy.' "

The conversion of Robert Madison Campbell dated from a definite time and place. As an earnest of it, he had all the whiskey carried out of his cellar and emptied on the ground. Throughout his long life he had unfaltering faith in the power of prayer, and for half a century he and Mr. James Carr Baker conducted prayer meetings in the old schoolhouse near Greenwood.


Once a distillery was established at Opequon. The two elders resolved "to pray it down"—and pray it down they did. The operator became converted with all his household, and the destructive enterprise disappeared.

Robert Madison and his splendidly endowed young wife did not settle down at Stony Mead for about ten years after their marriage. The following letter, found among his son Bean's papers, shows that he was attracted to Missouri.

What if he had settled there! What if there had never been a Stony Mead!







But destiny did not require such a catastrophe, and it was the will of God that this family should be born in Virginia, devoted to the mountains and valleys and people and institutions of their native state.

The letter is dated:

“St. Louis, Mo.,  
November 11th, 1834,  
8 o'clock at night.

“My Dr. Rebecca:

“I once more have the pleasure of informing you of my good health and prosperity. I arrived here this evening in fine health and spirits with the hope and prospect of getting a letter from home, but to my great mortification I was disappointed, thinking certainly when we got here we would hear from home. Bean and William Rankin have also shared the same fate. I sent you a few lines when in Indianapolis which I suppose you have by this time. From Indianapolis we came by the way of Terre Haute, where we were very much pleased. It is situated on the east bank of the Wabash river, the National road passing through the center of the town which is surrounded by a first rate valley of land. From there we came to Vandalia, passing through a rough and unsettled country. This is the first good house we have been in since we left Terre Haute. The people in Illinois living on the road which we came over are very poor, and dirty in the bargain, all living in cabins of the meanest kind. We had to stay last Saturday night in a cabin in company with some movers to the amount of forty-one besides ourselves. You may imagine our situation. In this company there were no less than four preachers, therefore we had to keep pretty straight.

“St. Louis is a very lively place, indeed is much larger than any town I have ever been in, and bids fair to be still larger.







"We expect to leave in the morning for Columbia. We can have no idea yet how we will like this state, but from the description travelers give of it I think there is no doubt of its being a fine country. I am getting very homesick, but will go on and satisfy my curiosity which will take about ten or twelve days and probably more. We expect to go through Galloway, Boone, Howard, Randolph and Cooper counties, and probably others. We expect to return this way and go on to West Union, by the way of Vincennes, Ill., Madison, Ind., and Maysville, Kentucky, which is but sixteen miles from Thomasis.

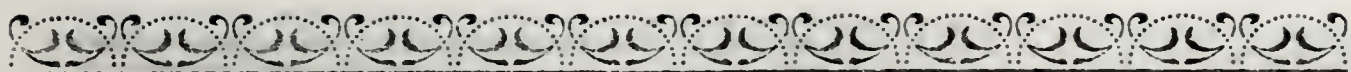
"In my last I directed you to write to West Union and if this should reach you in any reasonable time I want you to write there again as I expect that is the only place we will hear from home. But I am in hopes we will get a letter here on our return; at any rate we will return this way on that account.

"O Rebecca, I want to see you very much indeed, but that is impossible at this time. If I could get only three lines so as to know you are all well, it would be the greatest satisfaction imaginable to me, except to be at home with you, and having my dear little Joe saying, 'Dad, dad.' O kiss the dear little child for his pappy! Teach him to walk and talk and do every thing that any child can do. I flatter myself you are all well and doing the best you can; at any rate I have no reason to expect otherwise.

"We have understood since we arrived here of a very melancholy accident which took place on the Missouri river between two steamboats, one going up and the other down the river, it being in the night and very dark. The boat coming down the river with great violence met the one going up and split her from one end to the other. The boat sank in ninety feet of water. It had on board about one hundred men, women and children which were all lost according to the captain and one or two others. In addition to the pas-







sengers there were on board an immense quantity of merchandise and other valuable articles. We had an idea of going by water but this has put us entirely out of the notion. Therefore you may have no uneasiness about us in that respect. The climate is very good at this time, at any rate there is no prevailing disease of any kind. The weather has been extremely fine ever since we left home and for that reason the trip has been pleasant. My health is very fine indeed and the boys say I am fleshier than I ever was. I think they are not far wrong; at any rate my pantaloons are so small I can hardly get them on. We have lots of fun traveling through the country. Bean's the doctor, Rankin's the major, and I'm the colonel. The doctor's been called on several times. He always prescribes but never administers for want of medicine. I must conclude with the hope that this will find you and yours enjoying good health.

In the bonds of affection,

I remain

Your real friend and husband,

ROBT. M. CAMPBELL.

"P. S. I will continue to write every opportunity if it be nothing more than to let you know that I am alive and will give my kindest and best love to both families and all inquiring friends.

In haste, yours really,


R. M. C."

It is difficult to visualize the grandpa of later years, as a young father hungry for a sight of his first baby, and calling himself "pappy," the name he loved. After all, isn't it more logical and euphonious than "daddy?"

In 1840 he and his wife united with the Loudoun Street Presbyterian church under Rev. William Hill, D. D., and shortly afterward he was ordained a ruling elder.







In 1848 when it became necessary to reorganize the "New School" Presbyterian church on Loudoun street, the following board of trustees was appointed by the court: Rev. Dr. William Hill, A. H. H. Boyd, George W. Ginn, George Keller, William D. Gilkeson, Robert Madison Campbell, James P. Riley, David Russell and M. B. Cartmell.

Another glimpse is caught of his services as elder through a paper in the collection to which reference has already been made—a pastoral call to the Rev. Mr. Handy, which was not sent, or was not accepted. It, however, gives the board of elders in 1866.

"The congregation of Loudoun street Presbyterian Church, Winchester, Va., being on sufficient grounds well satisfied of the ministerial qualifications of you, J. W. K. Handy, D. D., and having good hopes from our past experience of your labors that your ministrations in the Gospel will be profitable to our spiritual interests, do earnestly call and desire you to undertake the pastoral office in said congregation, etc., etc.


"In testimony whereof we, the eldership instructed and empowered to act for the congregation, having respectfully subscribed our names this first day of September, A. D. 1866.

(Signed) GEORGE KELLER  
ROBERT M. CAMPBELL  
WILLIAM HENRY GOULD  
CLARK CATHER  
ROBERT B. SMITH  
JOSHUA S. LUPTON."

Attested by  
J. W. LUPTON,  
MODERATOR OF THE MEETING.







In 1873, Mr. Campbell was sent to synod at Charleston, West Virginia. The only remaining letter from him describes this event:

“Charleston, West Virginia,  
November 20, 1873.

“My dear R. Ann:

“I arrived here last evening about five o’clock in good health and spirits; had pleasant company from the time I left Winchester to Staunton, and there we were joined by a large number going to Synod. We left Staunton at five a. m. and went about sixty miles to breakfast, and a good breakfast it was too. What will you think when I tell you I took three cups of coffee, beefsteak, light rolls and other things.

“After leaving the White Sulphur Springs, the scenery was grand, especially in going down the New river. I think it surpasses anything for grandeur I ever beheld. I will not attempt a description, but will try to tell you all when I come home of the beauties of nature I looked upon and admired.

We were met at the wharf by Mr. Barr and his elders. Over one hundred of us were taken on the boat and taken over to the hotel where each man was assigned to his home. Mr. Shearer took charge of Mr. Leyburn and myself. We are very comfortably fixed indeed and most kindly treated. Clint (Lovett) called in to see me last night. He is living about one mile from the church. I promised to take tea with him this evening. I have met a number of old friends, among them Mr. Pancake. He appeared very glad to see me; says his family are tolerably well. I got George Shearer to send you this morning’s paper, giving an account of the organization of Synod, etc., which I suppose you will receive before this reaches you.

“Friday morning. After a good night’s rest I am now seated in the parlor and will try and let you know something more of what I have seen and heard.







"Well, according to promise Clint called for me last evening and took me out to his house. They are living in a small house and in an unpretentious way, but comfortably. His wife is a pleasant woman. Their boy, Charlie (about the age of Nannie's Tom) is expressly like Clint at his age.

"The Synod is becoming very interesting. Dr. Baird preached yesterday morning and Dr. Alexander at night. I was delighted with them both. A very interesting debate sprang up on the subject of education in which Drs. Dabney, Smith and others took part. It will be continued today. Mr. Converse is taking notes for the Observer, and I suppose you will see it. I have met Mr. Hill from the Point. He was glad to see me; hunted up his wife and gave me an introduction to her. Frank and his family are well and anxious for me to visit them, but I fear I will not be able to do so. Chambers is living about fifty miles from here. I will not be able to see him. Mr. Barr, the pastor of this church, knows him very well, but says he belongs to the other branch of the church.

"I must close for this time as it is near church time. Give my love to all the dear ones. May God protect and bless you and all our dear children is the prayer of

Your ever affectionate husband,

ROBT. M. CAMPBELL."

In 1880, when the Round Hill church, erected in 1845-6 became a separate organization, Mr. Campbell cast in his lot with that congregation and served as ruling elder until his death.

Those were the gala days of the Round Hill August meeting. Who will ever forget the assemblage in the beautiful grove, of carriages and buggies and saddle horses from far and near, and the wonderful sermons of such preachers as Dr. White, Dr. Graham, Dr. Hopkins, Dr.







Jonah Lupton, Dr. Fleming, Dr. Woods, Rev. Alex. Sprunt, Rev. A. S. Moffett, Rev. L. E. Scott, Rev. John J. Fix and others! And after the sermon, the dinner, the marvelous dinner, sometimes served on tables, often spread on the ground, an array of viands that a king might not be able to command and certainly could not enjoy as did the assembled clans with three generations present, and no doubt often four.

And then after time enough had been given for decorous lovemaking and a visit to the spring and the graveyard, the strains of "Duke Street" or "Dundee" or "Coronation" would be wafted to the stragglers and many—not all, of course, the book of Nature was too attractive for that—would wander back into the old church for the afternoon service, followed by the ride home, perhaps through the woods and the fields of "Cloverdale" farm filled with yellow primroses; with possibly the great adventure of returning to the service by early candle light. Does a trip to Europe produce such thrills nowadays?


Two notable reunions of the family have taken place, the first on June 19, 1883, when the golden wedding was celebrated at Stony Mead. To crown the joy of the ancient yet vigorous bride and groom, ten of their eleven sons and daughters, and nineteen grandchildren with a great throng of relatives and guests were present upon this memorable occasion.

On October 21, 1909, at "Virginia Home," in Prairie Grove, Arkansas, another reunion was held. The parents, after lives extended beyond the allotted span, had been called to their heavenly home, but the complete band of eleven sons and daughters was present. Again there were nineteen grandchildren, but now there were great-grandchildren as well.

A letter marked by her son Bean, "Dear mother's last letter received in Florida," and dated March 26, 1897, says:







"You asked how many grandchildren I have. There are forty-five living, and fourteen gone before, living forevermore."

Dr. Josiah L. Campbell, the beginning of their strength, was the first to join his parents on the other shore. The youngest son was then fifty-one years of age. Since then six others of the eleven have gone home, almost in the order of their births.

As an old-school gentleman, and family doctor, as a generous and delightful host, as a devoted son and father, and as a true patriot, Dr. Campbell has left an enviable record. His widow, who was Miss Gertrude Baxter, of Norfolk, Va., the dear "Aunt Gertie" of the present day, is one of those rare women, forever youthful in thought, always mindful of the needs of others, whose presence as a visitor is as welcome as the sunshine and the birds in spring.

At Orkney Springs and at Woodstock, Va., and at their later home at Mountain Lake Park, Md., this delightful couple dispensed a hospitality which only those who have enjoyed it can appreciate.

Dr. Campbell died March 12, 1912, at the home of his only daughter, Gertrude Madison, Mrs. William Vernon Thraves, who was at that time living at Nowata, Okla. He is buried at Woodstock, Virginia.







### III



HE earthly career of Bean Cartmell Campbell, the latest to go, was closed at Stony Mead, on October 16, 1928. The Winchester Star of that date says in part:

"Many will be grieved to hear that Bean Cartmell Campbell passed away during the early hours of this morning at his home, Stony Mead, at Opequon, in the county.

"Mr. Campbell was born September 26, 1840. He had therefore passed his eighty-eighth milestone, and he retained his fine health, his bouyant, genial spirit, his keen interest in men and affairs until the very last.

"His brothers, Herbert C. Campbell, of Nowata, Oklahoma and Robert M. Campbell of Lafontaine, Kansas, are here on a visit and the last few days have been full of pleasant intercourse among these three eldest brothers of the family of eleven children of the late Robert Madison and Rebecca Anne Campbell.

"Mr. Campbell retired last night in fine health and spirits. In the night he complained of being chilly, but he was soon made apparently comfortable. About three o'clock his brother, Robert, who was in the room with him, went to his bedside, to find that the veteran spirit had gone to be with those whom he had 'loved long since, but lost awhile.'

"Mr. Campbell, the oldest of this family noted for its longevity, is survived by his widow, who was Miss Betsy Gray Walker, of King and Queen county, Virginia, and who is an invalid at her daughter's home in Oklahoma; two daughters, Miss Betsy Gray Campbell and Mrs. Dorothea Harris, of Prairie Grove, Arkansas; two sons, Douglas and Temple, cashier and assistant-cashier, respectively, of the








THE SEVEN BROTHERS

ROBERT MADISON, JR., ALLAN, JOHN EDWARDS, BEAN,  
JOSIAH L., WILLIAM, HERBERT

Taken October 21, 1909 at "Virginia Home," Prairie Grove, Arkansas







Beverly State Bank, Beverly, Kansas; many nephews and nieces and several grandchildren.

"His surviving sisters and brothers are Mrs. Nannie R. Glass, of Winchester, Va.; Mrs. A. L. Maupin, of Prairie Grove, Arkansas; Robert M., of Lafontaine, Kansas; Herbert C., and Allan W. of Nowata, Okla.

"Mr. Campbell served throughout the Civil War. He belonged to the mounted militia under Captain Bitzer, and took part in the Bath and Romney campaign, during which he was courier for General Jackson. He was proud of the fact that for one day he was courier for General Joseph E. Johnston when he was leaving the Valley for Manassas. Both he and his brother Robert, belonged to Company A, 39th Battalion, scouts, guides and couriers, attached to General Lee's headquarters, from the formation of the company until the close of the war. He frequently attended the conventions of veterans and he was one of the few remaining liberal representatives of the Old South, cherishing the past, but living in the present, hopeful of the future and always a staunch Democrat."


Interment was made in the family lot in Mount Hebron cemetery. He had for a pall the old Turner Ashby Camp flag of the Confederate Veterans, and a small Confederate flag enshrined in ferns sent by Turner Ashby Chapter, U. D. C., of Winchester. Among many other beautiful flowers, wreaths were sent by the Nurses' Association of District No. 3, Fayetteville, Arkansas, and the Prairie Grove, Ark., Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.



Among so many who have produced worthwhile achievements, perhaps the career of John Edwards, the seventh of the band of eleven, presents features which represent phases of life more typical of the development of the country since the Civil War than that of any other member







of the family, since he was a pioneer in the adventure of making his way in the West.

He was born at Stony Mead, March 23, 1847, and died at his home in Nowata, Okla., on Sunday, February 14, 1926, very suddenly, upon his return from service at the Presbyterian church.

Nowata honored her first citizen and communitybuilder by giving him an immense funeral, and the choicest press tributes of admiration and devotion.

And well did such a life deserve such a reward. After teaching for a short time in Hampshire county, West Virginia, he severed home ties on September 18, 1869, and went to Missouri. Here he again engaged in teaching, but in April, 1870 he removed to Kansas, where he pre-empted a claim. In this undertaking he encountered all the hardships and privations of pioneer life. His financial resources were exhausted by the purchase of his claim, and to provide ready money he worked in a sawmill, drove an ox team and cut railroad ties. He had not been reared to manual labor, but his spirit and determination were such that he was unafraid to take up any employment that would yield him an honest living. As the years passed he made steady progress toward the plane of affluence, but the early days in Kansas were a period of unremitting toil. Through his influence the name of the town, New Chicago, in Wilson county, Kansas, near which his claim was situated, was changed to Chanute.

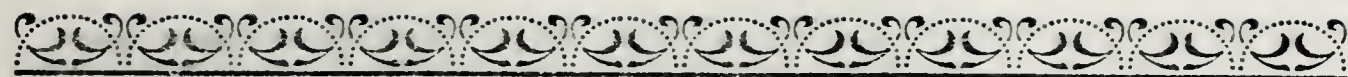
After several years spent in the "Sunflower State," Mr. Campbell removed to the Osage country and was employed as a clerk in a trader's store, and then entered business with John Florer, a United States post trader at Pawhuska.

In December 1875 he went to Nowata county, and was made manager of the store of J. H. Bartles. At the end of five years he engaged in business for himself on Lightning Creek, where Alluwe now stands.









He became interested in cattle, but utilizing every opportunity for business advancement, he established in 1887 the first store building in Nowata. The Missouri Pacific depot, the only other structure, had not at that time been completed.

A press notice entitled, "A Trail-blazer passes," says in part: "It is probable that no one man in Nowata county has had as much to do with Nowata and Nowata county as had J. E. Campbell—From the day that Mr. Campbell first set foot on Nowata county soil until death claimed him on Sunday afternoon, he has been an active figure in the growth and development of the county. The credit for the marvelous growth of this city, the fact that Nowata is today a city instead of a whistling post, goes to Mr. Campbell, whose untiring efforts to build a city on the plains of north-eastern Oklahoma were rewarded, despite the many handicaps encountered during his pioneering.

"Few men in this world have had the respect and confidence of their friends and the public generally to the degree that J. E. Campbell enjoyed them. His business judgment was sound and it was accepted on all matters; his friendship was true, and no better tribute can be paid to his memory than that expressed by his friends when they learned of his death: 'A good man has passed away; Nowata will miss J. E. Campbell.'


"Not only Nowata, but the world, has lost an upright citizen, a kindly Christian gentleman, a community builder—a friend to man."

Another press notice says that:

"In 1898 Mr. Campbell organized the Nowata bank, which was later converted into the First National Bank, of which he became president, remaining in that capacity until his death. His influence as a factor in the upbuilding and progress of the city and surrounding country cannot be







overestimated. He lent his support, both moral and financial, to those projects which have had to do with the upbuilding and substantial growth of this community.

"Mr. Campbell was not long in winning the friendly support and high regard of the Delawares among whom his lot was cast, and on January 17, 1878, he wedded Miss Emma Journeycake, daughter of Rev. Charles Journeycake, the last chief of the Delawares and a man whose influence in connection with the intellectual and moral progress of Oklahoma was most marked. Mrs. Campbell was liberally educated and a lady of broad culture. To this union were born three children, Roberta E., now Mrs. Eugene B. Lawson, of Tulsa; Robert Charles, who died in infancy, and Herbert Lockhart, at present acting vice-president of the First National Bank.

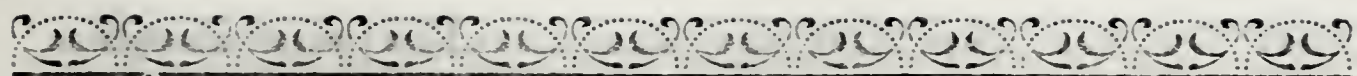
"Mr. Campbell was a member of the Presbyterian church, a regular attendant upon the services, giving liberally of both his time and finances to the upbuilding of the church."

After giving the names of many fraternal orders of which Mr. Campbell was a member, the account from which this is adapted, says that "Politically he was a Democrat of the old school, and although he would never consent to hold public office he could have had any office within the gift of the people. He always stood for those progressive measures which have been a vital force in the upbuilding of the state, and the maintenance of its legal status. His entire life record shows a wise use of time, talents and opportunities, a recognition of his duties in citizenship and of his obligations to his fellow men.

"His interest in the schools of Nowata was shown when, in the early days, before the coming of statehood, and before school taxes could be levied on real estate, Mr. Campbell provided the means for the conducting of the







public schools in Nowata until such a time as funds could be made available to take care of the work.

"He believed in the very best educational facilities for the children, and he could always be found in the front rank and one of the heaviest contributors to any movement that had for its object the betterment of our school system. But any project that tended toward the upbuilding of Nowata county found a ready champion in him."

His pastor, the Rev. George A. Watson, in his funeral address said: "He walked with God, in simple, quiet, lowly ways of service. Never ostentatious, yet abounding in good will, he always had time to listen to the cry of distress, and not stopping there, he sought out many others whose lives have been brightened and helped by his friendly interest."

After announcing his text, found in Genesis 5:24, "And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him," Mr. Watson continued: "God and Enoch were good friends. The idea suggested by the verse of Scripture is companionship. Two walk together because they are agreed. The meaning is not that God appeared to Enoch in any visible form and walked with him about the country, as a man would walk with his friend. A little child, however, told the story thus—She had been to Sunday School, and when she came home her mother asked her what she had learned that day. She answered, 'Don't you know, mother? We have been learning about a man who used to go for walks with God. His name was Enoch. He used to go for walks with God. And, mother, one day they went for an extra long walk, and they walked on and on, and on, until God said to Enoch, 'You are a long way from home; you had better just come in and stay.' And he went in.'"

"The child's idea of the story was very beautiful. It was true, too—at least in a spiritual sense. The figure of a walk is used in the Bible many times for the course of life. When men are said to have walked in the ways of the Lord,









the meaning is that they lived righteously, keeping God's commandments.

"Enoch was a man of outstanding life, of lofty character that he should have been so singled out and taken home to God, in such an unusual way. He seems to have been a seer, a man who went out under the midnight sky and felt the infinite, touched the eternal, and was bathed in the presence of God.

"Fellowship with God was the secret source of all that was good and splendid in the life of Enoch. Only in fellowship with God is there developed that unity of purpose and harmony of will with God that characterized Enoch's life.

"Today as our hearts are saddened over the loss from our midst of a great and good man we find comfort in the thought that he, too, walked with God and God took him.

"The children were especially fond of him, and when he would make a new friend among them, he would say: 'This is my little romance watching and helping as I can.'

"Mr. Campbell was a great lover of and searcher for the truth. For a man of his wide business interests he was a remarkable reader of the more worthwhile books. He delighted especially to read in the fields of science and religion. And in dealing with subjects where there was a wide difference of opinion, he liked to read both sides of the question and then weigh the evidence. His mature judgment and his strong faith in God and the supernatural lighted the way, and he would at times lay a book down and say, 'My faith is unclouded; but there is no need for less mature minds to read that book.'

"It seems to me that Mr. Campbell's walk with God was most noticeable in his regular, systematic cultivation of the presence of God. The devotional reading of the Bible and prayer were not to him a matter of spasmodic or fitful







interest. But night and morning, he had his daily devotions, and when guests were in his house, they were invited to join in the devotions which he led. An impressive example of this faithful cultivation of the inner life, is found in the book, 'The Daily Altar,' that was on his library table last Sunday. In it was the book mark at the place where he had read the lesson for that day, 'The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.'

"Here was a man whose ambition was to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God."

If his influence meant much to his community, how can words express what his life meant in every relationship to his family, as son, brother, husband, father! That record is written on the fleshy tables of the heart and cannot be transcribed.

Delightful companion, thoughtful, generous, dignified but full of humor, it was an honor to be his guest.

Keen sportsman, he had killed big game—moose in British Columbia, elk and deer and Rocky Mountain sheep in Colorado and elsewhere in the Rockies. On the Gulf of Mexico he had fished for tarpon, and the beautiful lakes of Minnesota and the rushing mountain streams of Montana with their treasures of game fish had afforded sport and relaxation to a dear lover of nature.

At "Boulder Lodge," high up in the Bitter Root Mountains of Montana, he had converted a Government forest ranger's well-built cabin into a delightful camp, with fine equipment sent out from Kansas City. In front of his door a foaming trout stream hastened down to the valley. The surroundings are of indescribable grandeur. To this lodge on the trail leading to the top of Trapper's Peak clad in eternal snow, he often repaired with members of his family and intimate friends.

Full of life to the last, all his arrangements had been made and tickets bought for a trip embracing the West





Indies and the Panama Canal, when the higher call came.

"And thus this man died, leaving his death for an example of a noble courage, and a memorial of virtue, not only unto young men, but unto all his nation." (2 Maccabees 6:31).



On May 30, 1924, at the home of his daughter Francina, Mrs. Edward L. Moreland, in Brookline, Mass., the second of the four Civil War veterans, Dr. William Henry Harrison Campbell, answered the last long roll. One year before, by special invitation from the commander of the Brookline, Mass. Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, he had ridden in the Memorial parade, another proof of the 'healing that time hath shed' over the wounds of the "Blue and the Gray."

For many years a beloved physician at Owings Mills, Md., this typical gentleman of the old school rounded out a life blessed by a charming wife and a splendid family.


Milton has truly said,

*"Peace hath her victories,  
No less renowned than war,"*

and it is with regret that the members of the various branches of the family of Robert Madison and Rebecca Anne Campbell who are distinguished in professions and commerce, cannot be mentioned in so brief an outline; but sweet Peace, unfortunately, is too often the rainbow after the storm of war, "detested by mothers," and in conjunction with other war records it is pleasant to find two living veterans among the sons of Dr. W. H. H. Campbell. Their indulgence is craved for the use of their names, contrary to the known reticence of living veterans in such matters. However, long may it be before the folds of Old







Glory betoken their "aureoled presence" at Arlington, and only now can they appear in order in this brief history by this humble biographer.

Robert Madison III, born August 27, 1880, the second living son of Dr. W. H. H. Campbell and his wife, Jessie Warfield Corsuch, a Lieutenant Colonel in the regular army, graduated from West Point in 1904. He has served in the Philippines and in Mexico, where he was under General Pershing's punitive expedition. Later, during the Great War and after, he served as Military attache in Mexico City, when Mr. Fletcher, now ambassador to Spain, was our ambassador to Mexico. Here he was decorated. Still later he served on the Tacua-Arica commission, General Pershing at its head, which had as its object an amicable solution of the difficulties over disputed territory between Chili and Bolivia. These details were assigned to Col. Campbell because of his fluent speaking knowledge of Spanish. He was sent by the Government to Madrid to study Spanish, and taught it at West Point. He is now stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, instructor in the General Service Schools.

The eighth child and sixth and youngest son of Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, Alan Lockhart, born May 6, 1892, is thus described by the Baltimore Sun upon his return home after the World War:

"Decorated twice by the French Government and with one United States Army citation and three divisional citations, Capt. Alan L. Campbell, who served overseas for more than eighteen months with the Twelfth Field Artillery, Second Division, has returned to the home of his father, Dr. W. H. H. Campbell, of Owings Mills, on a leave, before reporting to Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas, for duty. Captain Campbell is in the regular army, having gone into it from civil life early in 1917. His crosses and citations came for gallantry and bravery under heavy shell







THE UNBROKEN BAND

Taken October 21, 1909 at "Virginia Home," Prairie Grove, Arkansas

*"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above."*







fire at Soissons and Chateau Thierry and in the Champagne offensive in the summer of 1918. The Croix de Guerre was awarded him for conducting his battery under heavy shell fire at Soissons. A palm, with citation, was awarded him for his action in the Champagne when he surprised and directed fire on half a company of Boche infantry and annihilated them.

"The army citation, which came from General Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces, under date of June 3, 1919, was given Captain Campbell for 'gallantry in action near Parcy Tigny, France, July 21, 1918, and for brilliant leadership.' His divisional citations came for coolness in the conduct of his battery under heavy shellfire in the Chateau Thierry and Champagne offensives.

"Captain Campbell's battery had only one man killed in action despite the fact that it was under particularly heavy fire, while batteries on either side suffered heavily. Many of his men were wounded severely and only a few of the original complement of men remained when the battery reached this side.

"He landed in this country last Wednesday and came to Baltimore from Camp Mills yesterday."

Of the sons of Robert Madison Campbell II, Joe Lockhart III served overseas, and at least one member of the Denver branch laid down his young life in France, not long before the signing of the Armistice.

But for lack of data, this list could be prolonged.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once again after I had considered this chronicle closed I am called upon to open it to record the passing of Herbert Clinton Campbell, a passing so sudden that those of us who saw him in October at Stony Mead, the picture of health, can scarcely realize that influenza followed by pneumonia has cut short a career which seemed at its zenith.







On January 12, 1929, in less than a month after his seventy-third birthday, his earthly journey was finished. Again Nowata, Oklahoma, honored a pioneer citizen. Ten nephews and almost as many nieces were among the throng who bore mute testimony to the influence of one who had lived long and usefully in the community; of one whose integrity was unsullied.

His pastor, the Rev. Edward J. Carson, drew beautiful lessons from the kindred texts; "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah 6:8), and the words of Jesus; "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"The spirit of the pioneer was in his heart," said Mr. Carson. "Coming to what was then known as Indian Territory forty-seven years ago, he saw his adopted homeland develop from the frontier era until it has become one of the strongest states in the Union. Not only did he witness the transformation—he played a considerable part in helping to bring it to pass, because in him was to be found a combination of sound judgment, imagination and courage that made him one of the strong men of his community.

"He was quiet and retiring by nature, gentle and kind in his speech toward all men, generous in his response toward need, honorable, fair and just. His departure marks the passing of another pioneer from this section of the state.

"He had that uncommon gift, the gift of clearcut individuality. He was himself. He did his own work in his own way. His ways were ways of quietness. He was a man of unusual ability. He achieved greater success than many others who live more spectacular lives. Few will ever know how generous he was, because he believed in not letting the left hand know what the right hand was doing."





And it is by his individuality that he will be longest remembered. I should like to add Paul's thought to that of Jesus Christ: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." (Romans 13:10.)

Love was the strongest element in that great, deep, silent nature—his devotion to Stony Mead and everything connected with his parents, his reverence for their religion, which was his without cavil—the simple oldtime faith. But what words can describe his devotion to his brother "J. E.?"—the brother who had been the lodestar of his life, the brother who could truly have said of him, "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." "Lovely and pleasant in their lives," it is meet that they should rest side by side until the resurrection.

And after all, what is life but a journey from "the ingle-side " to the "land o' the leal?"

*I'm wearin' awa', Jean,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,  
I'm wearin' awa'  
To the land o' the leal!  
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's neither could nor care, Jean,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Oh! haud ye leal and true, Jean!  
Your day it's wearin' through, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.  
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain Jean,  
This world's cares are vain, Jean,  
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,  
In the land o' the leal.*

CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE.





## HISTORIC RECORDS

### PART III

### *"Footprints on the Sands of Time"*







## HISTORIC RECORDS

### I




THREE well-worn leather wallets contain manuscripts of various classes which throw light on customs long past, and on the first holdings and first transfers of the soil.

A copy of a will covering many pages indicates the very large estate of William Holliday, and since his name appears later in a deed from President Jefferson, enough of the will is given here to indicate the scope of it. After the usual preliminaries and most liberal provision for his wife, he bequeaths to his son Robert, the plantation purchased from Robert and Samuel Denny, two hundred and fifteen acres, and one thousand acres of back land near the Kentucky river, "being so much of a survey of fifteen or sixteen hundred acres of soldiers' rights surveyed on my account by John Machir: and two hundred acres of land beyond Cumberland river, being part of a survey of one thousand acres made by General Mulenberg and William Hickman; also forty-nine acres of land situate lying and being on the drain of Opeckon in the county of Frederick aforesaid adjoining the land of Daniel Cauley and Samuel Glass purchased from Robert Rutherford and conveyed to me by deed from said Robert Rutherford and his wife; and half a lot with the buildings thereon situate—in the town of Bath in the county of Berkeley and state of Virginia aforesaid purchased from Joseph Holmes; and also one hundred ninety-two and a quarter acres of land situate—in the county of Frederick aforesaid adjoining the lands of Thomas Bryan Martin, being one-half of a survey of three hundred and eighty-four and a half acres purchased from Archibald Magill; also my house clock," etc., etc.







To his son William, his daughter Jane, his son James, his son Elijah, his son Alexander, he makes similar large bequests.

The will continues: "My wife shall have the use and employment of negro George for and during the space of five years from the first of January last part at which period he shall be free. And that she shall also have my two negro wenches, namely Mossee and Sall with their future seed and issue during the aforesaid term of her natural life and at her decease or any other time shall have a power of disposing of them as she thinks proper. My three mulattoes (namely) Dan, Mary and Emma I give as follows: viz., Dan to my son Robert, Mary to my son William and Emma to my daughter Jane, and my will and desire is each and every one of the aforesaid mulattoes shall be free as soon as they severally and respectively arrive at the age of thirty-one years—

(*Signed and sealed*)      WILLIAM HOLLIDAY.

Seventeenth day of June, 1790.

*Witnesses:*

HUGH SCOTT  
ROBERT MACKY,  
ROBERT WELLS,  
JOSEPH GAMBLE.

The will was recorded September 6, 1790. Jane Holliday qualified as executrix, and with her security James G. Dowdall and James Holliday acknowledged bond in the penalty of ten thousand pounds,


By the court,

(*Signed*)      J. PEYTON, C. D. C."

Roberta Campbell, Mrs. Eugene B. Lawson, daughter of John Edwards Campbell, and an authority upon Indian







music, a collector of valuable Indian relics, a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of kindred societies, and at present second vice-president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, sends certified copies of the Thomas Jefferson deed and of Robert Lockhart's war record:

WAR DEPARTMENT  
The Adjutant General's Office,  
Washington

MEMORANDUM

The records of this office show as follows with reference to Robert Lockhart:

"A State of the Guards kept in the Borough of Lancaster, For Preserving the Peace of the Borough, Keeping the Prisoners in order and protection of the Magazine, etc., with the approbation of the Honorable, the Continental Congress, from Oct. 25, 1775, to June 1, 1776. List approved by Committee of Safety for Lancaster County, June 22, 1776, which shows, Sergeant Jan. 1, 29, 1776."

(Signed) ROBERT C. DAVIS  
The Adjutant General.

January 15, 1924.

The deed in brief reads:

"THOMAS JEFFERSON, President of the United States of America:

"To all to whom these presents shall come, *GREETING: Know Ye*, That, in consideration of military service performed by Benjamin McDonald, Benjamin Wyne, John Lowe, William Case, and James Murray all soldiers for the War . . . . To the United States, in the Virginia Line and Continental Establishment and in pursuance of an







Act of the Congress of the United States, passed on the 10th day of August in the year 1790 intituled, 'An Act to enable the Officers and Soldiers of the Virginia Line and Continental Establishment, to obtain titles to certain lands lying northwest of the river Ohio, between the Little Miami and Scioto; and another act of the said Congress, . . . . . passed on the 9th day of June, in the year 1794, . . . . . amendatory of the said . . . . . Act there is granted by the United States unto ROBERT LOCKHART assignee of Robert Holliday, heir at law of William Holliday, Deceased, . . . . . a certain tract of land, containing One Thousand Acres, . . . . . situate between the Little Miami and Scioto rivers, north-west of the River Ohio, as by survey, bearing date the Second day of January in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, and bounded as described, as follows, *TO WIT:*

"Surveyed for William Holliday One Thousand Acres of land on several Military Warrants, to wit: On Numbers 2043, 2040, 2042, 2038 and 2276, whose rights have been severally assigned to the said William Holliday on the waters of Eagle Creek; Beginning at a white Oak and two Sugar Trees one hundred poles Northwest from the head of Isaac's Creek thence east four hundred poles crossing a branch at three hundred and eighty poles to two Ashes near a branch; thence West four hundred poles crossing a branch at one hundred and fourteen poles and at three hundred and fifty poles, to the Beginning . . . . . With the appurtenances: *To Have* and to *Hold* the said tract of land, with the appurtenances unto the said ROBERT LOCKHART, and his heirs and assigns forever.

"*In Witness* whereof, the said THOMAS JEFFERSON, President of the United States of America, hath caused the Seal of the said United States to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with his hand, at the city of Washington—







the fourth day of September—in the year of  
(SEAL) our Lord 1805; and of the Independence of  
the United States of America, the Thirtieth.

(Signed) By the President, THOS. JEFFERSON

JAMES MADISON, Secretary of State.”

(BACK)

“Benjamin McDonald; Benjamin Wyne, John Lowe, William Case, and James Murray were originally entitled to the bounty land granted by the within patent to Robert Lockhart who claims under the said McDonald, Wyne, Low, Case and Murray.

(Signed)

H. DEARBORN,  
Secretary of War.”

War Office 4th September, 1805.

“Recorded in the Office of the Department of State in Vol. 4, Page 113 of Patents of lands granted to the Virginia line on Continental Establishment.

(Signed) CHRISTOPHER L. THOMAS.”


In one of the old wallets are four other original parchment deeds of which abstracts are made. They show the first transfer of the virgin soil to members presumably of the Lockhart and Campbell families, and record the names of the first holders of Colonial territory. They may be traced through the county records, now a complicated but scientific system of tomes of indexed and cross-indexed type-written copies of the original deeds, etc., which are far too worn and too precious to be handled longer, and are kept in safety vaults.

The deeds in the order of their dates are:

“BEVERLEY RANDOLPH ESQUIRE, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, to all to whom these presents shall





  
come, *GREETING*: Know ye, that by virtue of a warrant issued from the late Lord Proprietor's office of the Northern Neck and in consideration of the ancient composition of one pound sterling paid by William House into the Treasury of the Commonwealth, there is granted by the said Commonwealth unto the said William House, a certain parcel of land, containing one hundred and seventy-seven acres by survey bearing date the seventeenth day of September one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight lying and being in the county of Hampshire adjoining lands of John Ingle's, John Lupton's and George Myers, on a drain of How's drain, a drain of Dillon's run and bounded as followeth: To Wit: Beginning, etc. . . . . with its appurtenances; *To Have and to Hold* the said tract or parcel of land with its appurtenances, to the said William House and his heirs forever.

"*In witness whereof*, the said BEVERLEY RANDOLPH, ESQUIRE, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, hath hereunto set his hand, and caused the Lesser Seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed at Richmond, on the twenty-seventh day of August in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine and of the Commonwealth the fourteenth.

(Signed) BEVERLEY RANDOLPH."

Other names mentioned in the context are John Dauer and Aler George.

"JAMES WOOD, ESQUIRE, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia,

"To all to whom these presents shall come, *Greeting*: *Know Ye, that* by virtue of a military warrant number twelve hundred and thirteen, issued the 30th of December, 1780, agreeable to the King of Great Britain's proclamation of 1765, there is granted by the said commonwealth, unto Jesse Anderson, a certain tract or parcel of land, containing one thousand acres, by survey bearing date the twentieth







day of April one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, lying and being in the county of Frederick including the head waters of Back Creek, adjoining a survey made for James Anderson and land surveyed for Joseph Watson and bounded as followeth, to wit: etc., etc. . . . .

*"To Have and to Hold* the said tract or parcel of land with its appurtenances, to the said Jesse Anderson and his heirs forever. *In Witness Whereof*, the said James Wood, Esquire, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, hath set his hand, and caused the Lesser Seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed at Richmond, on the twelfth day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight, and of the Commonwealth the twenty-second.

*(Signed)* JAMES WOOD."

Other names, Jeremiah Reed, William Adams, John Capper, Joseph Wilson.

JOHN FLOYD, ESQUIRE, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia:

"To all to whom these presents shall come, *GREETING*: Know ye, That in conformity with the survey made on the twelfth day of June, 1832, by virtue of a land office treasury warrant No. 10752, issued 21st March, 1832, there is granted by the said Commonwealth, unto Nathan Kerns (of George), a certain tract or parcel of land, containing one hundred and seventy-five acres situate in Hampshire County and Frederick County, the greater part of which lies in Hampshire County on Timber Ridge and bounded as followeth, viz: Beginning at a stone, etc. . . . .

*"To have and to hold* the said tract or parcel of land, with its appurtenances, to the said Nathan Kern's (of George) and his heirs forever.

*"In witness whereof*, the said John Floyd, Esquire, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, hath hereunto





set his hand, and caused the Lesser Seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed, at Richmond, on the fourth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three and of the Commonwealth the 58th.

(Signed) JOHN FLOYD."

Other names, Parish, "Daniel Oats' land, formerly Mason's," Peter Mauzy, John Rosenburger, McKee, Casper Allerman, Griffin.

"DAVID CAMPBELL, ESQUIRE, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

"To all to whom these presents shall come, *GREETING: Know ye, that* in conformity with a survey made on the 26th day of February 1836 by virtue of Land office Treasury Warrant No. 12374, there is granted by the said Commonwealth, unto Nathan Kerns a certain tract or parcel of land, containing five and one-half acres situate in Hampshire County on the northwest side of Timber Ridge and bounded as follows: Beginning at a pine, black oak and red oak comes to said Kerns' land and George Mauzey's land, thence, etc., . . . . .

"*To have and to hold* the said Tract, or Parcel of Land, with its appurtenances, to the said Nathan Kerns and his heirs, forever.

"*In witness whereof*, the said DAVID CAMPBELL, ESQUIRE, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, hath hereunto set his hand, and caused the Lesser Seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed, at Richmond, on the 30th day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight and of the Commonwealth the 63rd.

(Signed) DAVID CAMPBELL."

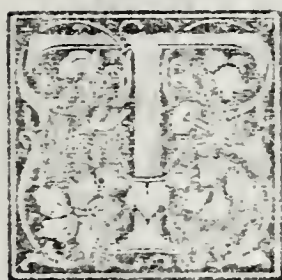
This small corner touched the boundary line of George Mauzey.







## II



THE War of 1812, declared against Great Britain because of her persistence, among other grievances, in searching American ships for deserting British sailors, which amounted to the impressment of many American seamen into the British navy, was never a popular war. New England even threatened secession. The war lasted from, one might say, the battle of Tippecanoe, won by General William Henry Harrison from the Indians in 1811, until the battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815. After discussing peace a year and a half, a treaty ending the war had been signed at Ghent, Belgium, on December 24, 1814.

The war cost the country enormous sacrifices, a hundred million dollars, thirty thousand valuable lives, great loss of property, and the destruction of her commerce. The brunt of it fell upon the militia, but brilliant victories were won by the tiny navy, consisting of eight frigates, two sloops and five brigs.

On August 16, 1812, General William Hull, Governor of Michigan, ignominiously surrendered Detroit to Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, the "hero of Upper Canada." Josiah Lockhart was in the surrendered army. General Hull, although courtmartialed, was pardoned by President Madison because of his Revolutionary War record. Fort Dearborn, ordered to be evacuated by General Hull, was burned, and all the inmates, men, women and children, endeavoring to escape, were massacred by the Indians.

On the sea the frigate *Constitution* defeated the British *Guerriere* and was thereafter known as "Old Ironsides;" the sloop *Wasp* captured the brig *Frolic*; the frigate *United States* under Stephen Decatur captured the frigate *Macedonian*; and the *Constitution* in a second battle took the *Java*.







In the year 1813 many prisoners were massacred by the Indians after an American defeat at the River Raisin, south of Detroit; but Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry with his own and eight boats which he bought and built, defeated six British ships on Lake Erie on September 10, sending to General Harrison the famous message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours;" and General Harrison won the battle at the River Thames in Canada, in which Tecumseh was slain.

On the ocean the *Hornet* captured the *Peacock*, the *Enterprise*, and the *Boxer*. But the *Chesapeake* under Captain Lawrence was defeated by the British frigate *Shannon*. The brave Lawrence, although dying, uttered the petition by which he is known, "Don't give up the ship."

The conflict became more severe in 1814. The battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane were won by General Brown and Lieut.-Col. Winfield Scott.

On Lake Champlain General MacDonough so thoroughly whipped the British fleet that General Macomb evacuated Plattsburg and retreated to Canada.

In August a British fleet entered Chesapeake Bay with five thousand soldiers under General Ross, who marched on Washington, took the city and burned the Capitol, the Executive Mansion and a few government buildings.


On September 12 and 13 Baltimore was attacked by the bombardment of Fort McHenry, but General Ross was killed, and Francis Scott Key gave to America the immortal "Star-spangled Banner."

The Americans lost the frigates *Essex* and *President*, but took seven from the enemy.

The war was over, but news of the Treaty of Ghent, on December 24, did not cross the Atlantic in time to prevent the series of battles at New Orleans won by General Andrew Jackson in a final attack on January 8, 1815. General







Pakenham was killed, with more than two thousand five hundred British soldiers, who were unprotected against the intrenchments of earth and bales of cotton of General Jackson, who lost only seven men killed, while only six were wounded.

From this bird's-eye view of a conflict to which bitter discord at home added tremendous difficulties, the proclamation of Governor Return Jonathan Meigs of Ohio, and his commissions to Josiah Lockhart, may receive added interest.

### “HEADQUARTERS

Camp on the Banks of Mad River,  
May 25, 1812.

*“Officers and Soldiers of the First Army of Ohio*


“COLLECTED suddenly and rapidly from various parts of the state, you have manifested a zeal worthy the character of a free people. You will soon be completely organized, and I trust that harmony will forever continue. Already you have made considerable advances in discipline: you will improve: it will soon become easy, familiar, and agreeable. Subordination is the soul of discipline: order, safety, and victory are its results. Honour consists in an honourable discharge of duty, whatever may be the task. Respect each other according to your stations. *Officers*, be to your men as parents to children: *Men*, regard your officers as fathers. You will soon march. *My heart* will always be with you. The prayers of all good citizens will attend you.

“By direction of the President of the United States, I have so far organized and marched you: in his name I thank you.

“I feel a great satisfaction in knowing, that you are to be placed under the command and guidance of BRIGADIER







GENERAL HULL, a distinguished officer, of revolutionary experience; who being Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and Chief Magistrate of the Territory to which you are destined, was happily selected for the service. His influence and authority there, will enable him to provide for your convenience.

“I pray that each may so conduct, that when you return to the embraces of your friends and relations, they may be proud to salute you, as one who had, honourably, belonged to the First Army of Ohio. The Second Army is organizing, and will follow if necessary.

“Our frontiers must be protected from savage barbarity, our rights maintained, and our wrongs avenged.

Go then! fear not! be strong! quit yourselves like men, and may the *GOD* of *ARMIES* be your shield and buckler.

(Signed) R. J. MEIGS, Governor of Ohio.”

---

“*In the Name and by the Authority of the State of Ohio*  
RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS, Governor and Commander in  
Chief of the State of Ohio


“TO JOSIAH LOCKHART ESQUIRE—*GREETING*:

You being duly elected Captain of a company in the Second Battalion of W. Arthur’s Regiment, in the service of the United States, from the state of Ohio; By virtue of the powers vested in me, and reposing confidence in your courage, fidelity and good conduct, I do commission you as Captain, authorizing and requiring you to discharge all the commands you shall receive from your superior officers.

“*In Testimony of Which*, I have hereto set my name, and caused the GREAT SEAL of Ohio to be affixed, at the Grand Camp of the First Army of Ohio, on the western bank of Mad River, this twenty-eighth day of April—in the







year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twelve,  
and in the thirty-sixth year of the Independence of the  
United States of America.

(Signed) RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS.

*By His Excellency's Command,*  
JN. McLEAN, Secretary of State."

*"In the Name and by the Authority of the State of Ohio*  
RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS, Governor and Commander in  
Chief of the Said State

*"To JOSIAH LOCKHART, ESQUIRE, GREETING:*

It being certified to me, that you are duly elected  
Brigadier General to command the first Brigade of the  
second division of militia in this state.

*"Now Know You,* That by virtue of the powers vested  
in me by the constitution and laws of said state; and re-  
posing special trust and confidence in your courage, ac-  
tivity, fidelity and good conduct, I do, by these presents,  
commission you as General of said Brigade, hereby  
authorising and requiring you to discharge all and  
singular, the duties and services appertaining to your  
said office, agreeably to law, and such instructions as  
you shall, from time to time, receive from your  
superior officers.

*"In testimony Whereof,* I have hereunto set my name,  
and caused the Great Seal of the state of Ohio to be affixed at  
Chillicothe, the first day of March in the year of our Lord  
one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, and in the thirty-  
eighth year of the Independence of the United States of  
America.

(Signed) RETURN J. MEIGS.

*By his Excellency's command,*  
JN. McLENE, Secretary of State."





“STATE OF OHIO, ADAMS COUNTY, ss.

“I do hereby certify the within named JOSIAH LOCKHART this day personally appeared before me and took an oath to support the constitution of the United States, the constitution of the state of Ohio and also the oath of office prescribed by law.

Given under my hand this 26th day of March, 1814.

(Signed) AARON MOORE (Seal) J. D.”

*A List of Captain Lockhart's Company of Ohio*

Volunteers commanded by Col. McArthur, August 19, 1812.

- |                                        |                        |
|----------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Josiah Lockhart, <i>Capt.</i>       | 26. Andrew Colwell     |
| 2. Edmond Wade, <i>1 Lieut.</i>        | 27. Robert Lockhart    |
| 3. John W. O'Dell, <i>2d Lieut.</i>    | 28. Charles Indon      |
| 4. William Rabine, <i>Surgeon</i>      | 29. John Garvy         |
| 5. William Adams, <i>1 Serg.</i>       | 30. John Hemphill      |
| 6. Saml. Braunfeeler, <i>2d Serg.</i>  | 31. David Adams        |
| 7. John Bryan, <i>3d Serg.</i>         | 32. Fountein Pemberton |
| 8. Angus Cameon, <i>4th Serg.</i>      | 33. Peter Bercam       |
| 9. Jacob Cape, <i>1st Corporal</i>     | 34. James Miller       |
| 10. James Pinly, <i>2d Corporal</i>    | 35. Hugh Sharp         |
| 11. Samuel Moor, <i>3d Corporal</i>    | 36. Abraham Groom      |
| 12. John Baughman, <i>4th Corporal</i> | 37. Benjamin Soner     |
| 13. Hyrum Barber                       | 38. William Thomas     |
| 14. Enoch Laycock                      | 39. John Hayes         |
| 15. James Lucas                        | 40. George McCeny      |
| 16. Rubin Bones                        | 41. William Shires     |
| 17. William Laycock                    | 42. John Cartmeal      |
| 18. Samuel McCollister                 | 43. William Murphey    |
| 19. John Washburn                      | 44. William Robertson  |
| 20. John Hunenberg                     | 45. Samuel Ellis       |
| 21. Thomas Sergent                     | 46. James Baylr (?)    |
| 22. Samuel L. Stivers                  | 47. John Ginnings      |
| 23. William Greenlee                   | 48. Levy Laycock       |
| 24. Joshua Conn                        | 49. Elijah Murphey     |
| 25. David Page                         |                        |







The presence of the Meigs data among the family archives accounts for the story of the curious name familiar to us in our youth. It points to Puritan times and is of the "Praise-God Barebone" and "Hate Evil" Cade variety and of some of those found in the log of the good ship *Mayflower*, of perpetual memory and Colonial Dame ancestry.

Such names as "Desire" Minter, "Love" and "Wrastling" Brewster, "Remember" Allerton, "Priscila" Mullines, "Resolved" White, "Oceanus" Hopkins, "Humillity" Coper, indicate states of mind of the parents which had to be expressed no matter what protest the victim might utter when arrived at an age of protest. "Return Jonathan" is rather a monument to the wise provision of nature whereby a woman is given the prerogative of changing her mind. After a lovers' quarrel, the sweetheart changed her mind and in relenting tones called, "Return Jonathan!" before Jonathan had turned the corner of Never-Come-Back. Of course they were married, and since the advent of the son of the happy couple, there has never lacked a Return Jonathan Meigs to sit in high places and hand down the history of that interesting episode.

The original records found in the old wallets are supplemented by those furnished by the War Department of the four of the seven Campbell brothers who were old enough to shoulder arms for their beloved state during the Civil War. Robert Madison, Jr., the only survivor today, was but seventeen years of age when war was declared.





WAR DEPARTMENT  
The Adjutant General's Office  
Washington

*Statement Relative to the Military Service of*  
JOSIAH L. CAMPBELL

Surgeon, 33rd Regiment, 7th Regiment and 10th Regiment  
Virginia Infantry, Confederate States Army,  
Civil War

The records of this office show that Josiah L. Campbell enlisted April 18, 1861, at Woodstock, Virginia, as 1st Lieutenant of Company F, 10th Virginia Infantry, C. S. A. He was commissioned Captain of that company August 22, 1861; was appointed Surgeon in the C. S. Army, September 23, 1861, and served as Surgeon in the 33rd Virginia Infantry, the 7th Virginia Infantry, and in the 10th Virginia Infantry, C. S. A. He was paroled April 18, 1865, at Winchester, Virginia, as a Surgeon of Imboden's Brigade, Confederate States Army.


*Statement Relative to the Military Service of*  
WILLIAM H. H. CAMPBELL

Private, Companies F and B, 10th Virginia Infantry,  
C. S. A. Civil War

It is shown by the official records that William H. H. Campbell served as a private in Companies F and B, 10th Virginia Infantry, C. S. Army. He enlisted May 20, 1861 (dates of enlistment also shown as April 18, 1861 and August 20, 1861), at Woodstock, Virginia, and the muster roll for August 31 to December 31, 1864 (last roll on file) shows him present. The Prisoner of War records show that he was captured March 25, 1865 (date also shown as April 2, 1865), near Petersburg, Virginia, and was released







at Point Lookout, Maryland, June 7, 1865, by order of the President dated June 5, 1865. On June 9, 1865, he was furnished transportation to Stephenson Depot, Virginia. No further record found.

*Statement Relative to the Military Service of*  
BEAN C. CAMPBELL

Private, Company A, 39th Battalion Virginia Cavalry,  
C. S. A. Civil War

The records of this office show that Bean C. Campbell served as a private in Company A, 39th Battalion Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A. He enlisted October 11, 1862, at Winchester, Va., and on the muster roll of that company for November and December, 1864 (last roll on file) he is reported "Absent with leave since Dec. 17, 1864." The Prisoner of War records show that he was paroled April 17, 1865, at Winchester, Virginia.

The records also show that one Been C. Campbell (name not otherwise borne) served as a private in Company G (Commanded by Capt. J. H. Bitzer), 122nd Virginia Militia, C. S. A. His name appears on a receipt for money received of the Confederate States for monthly pay from December 31, 1861 to March 10, 1862. However, there are no rolls on file of that organization. No further record of him has been found.

*Statement Relative to the Military Service of*  
ROBERT M. CAMPBELL

Private, Company A, 39th Battalion Virginia Cavalry,  
C. S. A. Civil War

The records of this office show that Robert M. Campbell served as a private in Company A, 39th Battalion Virginia Cavalry (Richardson's Battalion of Scouts, Guides and





Couriers, 13th Battn. Virginia Cavalry), C. S. A. He enlisted July 24, 1863, at Culpeper Court House, Virginia, and the muster roll of that company for November and December, 1864 (last roll on file) shows him present. The Prisoner of War records show that he was paroled April 18, 1865, at Winchester, Virginia.

Official statement furnished to Mrs. Harry R. Greene, Winchester, Virginia, June 29, 1928.

By authority of the Secretary of War:

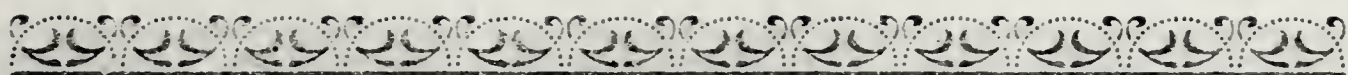
(SEAL) LUTZ WAHL\*

Major General, The Adjutant General.

\*Major General Lutz Wahl died Dec. 30, 1928.







## FAMILY RECORDS

Robert Madison Campbell, born April 4, 1809; died January 7, 1892.

Rebecca Anne Lockhart, born January 26, 1815; died June 3, 1897.

### *Their Children*

Josiah Lockhart, born April 3, 1834; died February 12, 1912.

Mary Elizabeth, born March 28, 1837; died March 19, 1918.

William Henry Harrison, born April 6, 1839; died May 30, 1924.

Bean Cartmell, born September 26, 1840; died October 16, 1928.

Nannie Rebecca, born November 26, 1842.

Robert Madison, born June 29, 1844.

John Edwards, born March 23, 1847; died February 14, 1926.

Emeline Eliza, born February 4, 1849.

Roberta Baker, born January 11, 1851; died March 19, 1924.

Margaret Chambers, born February 22, 1853; died July 9, 1854.

Herbert Clinton, born December 26, 1855; died January 12, 1929.

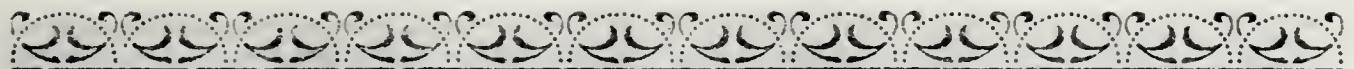
Allan Walton, born March 28, 1861.



Robert Madison Campbell and Rebecca Anne Lockhart married June 19, 1833.







Josiah Lockhart, m. first Annie M. Walton of Woodstock, Va., May 19, 1858; second Gertrude Baxter, of Norfolk, Va., February 7, 1882.

Nannie Rebecca, m. William Wood Glass, of Frederick county, Va., January 18, 1865.

William Henry Harrison, m. Jessie Warfield Gorsuch, of Md., January 31, 1872.

Bean Cartmell, m. Betsy Todd Walker, of King and Queen county, Virginia, October 22, 1884.

Emeline Eliza, m. Lincoln Maupin, of Rockingham county, Virginia, October 29, 1872.

Roberta Baker, m. Henry Clay Magruder, of Woodstock, Virginia, October 29, 1873.

Robert Madison, m. Elizabeth Allen Harber, of Lafayette county, Missouri, March 31, 1874.

John Edwards, m. Emeline Journeycake, of Oklahoma, January 17, 1878.

Allan Walton, m. Lucy Gray Walker, of King and Queen county, Virginia, October 23, 1889.



Of the remaining sons and daughters of Josiah Lockhart and Nancy O'Dell:

Elizabeth Franklin, m. Thomas Phillips.

Margery Denny, m. Joshua Gore.

Robert Volney, m. Mary Hall.

Thomas Jefferson, m. Rebecca Hollingsworth.

Sally Dearborn, m. Dr. John Addison.

Grace Emeline, m. Daniel Clinton Lovett.

Mary Jane, m. Sydnor McDonald.

John Wesley O'Dell, m. Mary Lewis.

Samuel Socrates, m. Miss Murphy.

Margaret Elizabeth, m. Joshua Smith Lupton.







## EPILOGUE

*"I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.*

*A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;*

*A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;*

*A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;*

*Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain."*




F Joyce Kilmer's tree under the figure of a living being is charming, how much more so is the living, sentient being itself!—the being who becomes the founder of the family, of which the tree is so fitting a symbol that the two become one idea—the "family tree"—the family whose roots may be found far away in other times and other climes, which like the tree survives transplanting and takes root again in a new land, and grows and bears fruit in spite of warring elements, so that instead of a single tree it becomes a forest.

The Campbell family has so many ramifications that it is impossible to enumerate them here. The parent stock and the principal branches are given. The secondary ones are urged to preserve accurate records, and to remember especially the sources, found in the lands of the shamrock and thistle and heather, of the influences which went out from Stony Mead, and which render sacred the memory of







the founders. Their legacy to their descendants was spiritual—an unfaltering faith.

If a fuller realization of the value of this inheritance in the development of character should be brought home to the present generation by the perusal of these pages, they will not have been written in vain.

*“Faith of our fathers, holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death.”*

THE END

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
The University of Chicago Press  
Chicago, Ill.  
1852

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
The University of Chicago Press  
Chicago, Ill.























